JANUARY 27, 1945

SATURDAY NIGHT

PRICE 10 CENTS

VOL. 60, NO. 21 • TORONTO, CANADA

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

—Photo by Karsh.

Genial, wise-cracking James F. Byrnes, U.S. Director of War Mobilization, is prepared to crack the whip over American labor, if Congress passes national service legislation designed to draft men and women as needed into war production. The bill is now under attack as contrary to the "American way."

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THE FRONT PAGE

Canada in a Bloc World

ELSEWHERE in this issue appears the first of two articles in which Mr. J. M. Macdonnell seeks to make the point that the western world is probably at the parting of the ways between a reversion to the extreme national autarky of the inter-war period and a definite and concerted move towards the broadening and multiplying of the channels of multi-lateral international trade. He finds opinion in Great Britain hesitant between the two courses, with much of it inclined to think that the United States with its enormous economic power will probably swing the decision in the direction of autarky.

In this situation, Mr. Macdonnell suggests, Canada may well exercise a great influence on the British decision, and he urges—an interesting indication of the development of Progressive Conservative thinking—that she should use it in favor of the multi-lateral policy, and against the setting up of an autarkic "sterling bloc", from which we for geographic reasons would have to be excluded.

The concept of a sterling bloc is obviously very different from the old concept of an "Empire Preference" bloc in which trading was kept largely within the member countries by means of preferential tariffs. It was always doubtful whether Canada could be a fully effective member of the latter because of the extent to which her import trade was always diverted from Empire sources by the force of contiguity to the United States. Before the first war that was not a serious objection because Britain still had a large (though partly invisible) export trade to the United States which enabled the Commonwealth as a whole to settle for our purchases from that country. That condition has now disappeared, and if Canada is to go on buying a large excess balance of goods from the United States we shall have to find other means of paying for it than by means of British dollar balances.

But the real problem for us is whether the United States will participate in multi-lateral trade; and we think the force of Mr. Macdonnell's argument lies in the fact that if Britain frankly goes about setting up a private sterling bloc of her own the United States will almost certainly revert to economic isolationism and autarky. That this is a suicidal course for the richest nation in the world to take is no objection; the United States has only reached that position very recently and very suddenly, and still has the mentality of a debtor nation which has to keep up exports and keep down imports.

A world in which both Britain and the United States are running autarkic blocs of their own would certainly be a tough place for Canada to live in.

"The Day's News"

THE great nation-wide daily broadcast of the C.B.C. at ten p.m. EDT, which describes itself as "a summary of the day's news", contained on Friday of last week no reference whatever to a story concerning the behavior of N.R.M.A. personnel in two or more military camps, which had been published in every afternoon newspaper in the Dominion and which was of sufficient importance to call for a special statement the following day by the Minister of National Defence.

If this omission was due to obedience to a directive of the censorship which was disobeyed by the newspapers and by other newscasts, something should certainly be done to punish the disobedient and to discourage such disobedience for the future, or the whole business of censorship will become a laughing-stock. If it was due to any other reason it is indefensible. If the story was lawfully publishable it should have been published by the C.B.C.

This piece of news was of vital interest. Even the fact that the story was published all

(Continued on Page Three)

Mary Katherine Rowland —Photo by Karsh.

NAME IN THE NEWS

In Bank of Canada Woman Has a Man-Size Job But No Title

By COROLYN COX

EQUAL pay for equal work among men and women is not even a hope, let alone a threat around Canada. No more have we equal title and prestige among the women doing man-size jobs, either permanently or for the duration. Mary Katherine Rowland has done a responsible man's job with the Bank of Canada since its inception, but she still has no title, and probably never will have—certainly not one commensurate with her ability. That isn't because the Bank of Canada is a bad employer—far from it. It's just the way Canada runs itself, or perhaps the way the women in the aggregate don't run themselves.

Miss Rowland is a gentle, lovely-to-look-at woman of thirty-eight, born up in Huron County in a little town called Brussels. She was brought up on banking, since her father was with the Canadian Bank of Commerce for forty years. The family moved about, as is the custom of bank personnel, so that Mary attended public schools in various places before she settled down in Kingston after her father became Manager of his bank's branch there.

Kingston High School had a number of bright young Canadians later to make names for themselves who were fellow-students of Mary's at that time. Not least of these was "Sandy" Skelton, presently Special Assistant to the Governor of the Bank of Canada.

Everybody went to Queen's University, of course, and Mary was an outstanding girl of her class. To begin with, she went in on the Kingston Collegiate Watkins scholarship, which goes to the top of the class. She says she never again took studying so seriously. She was president of Levana under-graduate society and played on her hockey team all four years, captained the one that took the intercollegiate to the Championship in 1926. The gals took their teams to Montreal and Ottawa and had a thoroughly good time. Mary took an Arts and Commerce course, studied economics under "Bill" Mackintosh, currently Director General of Research in the Department of Reconstruction. English she had with Bernard K. Sandwell, currently editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, and found him a delightfully outspoken individual who, on the pretext of teaching English, rambled into the widest fields.

Miss Rowland earned her own way through college, two summers doing fill-in jobs in her father's bank, two summers waiting on table at Bigwin Inn. The latter occupation was more profitable, and good fun, since almost the entire staff were college students, hours of work not too long, opportunities for fun unlimited. After taking her B.A. in 1926, Miss Rowland went back for Commerce degree which she got in 1928.

A Start on Tariff

Directly she was ready to leave Queen's, Mary was given a post with the Tariff Board in Ottawa, which looked to the universities for its staff. The King Government had appointed W. H. Moore its Chairman. Mary worked with the Board until the Bennett Government came in in 1930. It was one of those things in political life,—they all went home from work one night, and were called on the phone next morning at eight o'clock, told not to come to their jobs as usual at nine, since they were all fired.

The next year Miss Rowland spent on the research staff of the Cockfield Brown advertising firm in Montreal. You got up statistical material for clients, gauging the sales value and consumer demand for his product. Whether clients paid attention to these reports Mary never quite knew. But she did know advertising was not her line. Anyway, she was let out as the depression moved in.

Quartermaster of a girls' camp north of Montreal was another temporary job that proved useful experience. Then as stopgap post, she returned to Queen's to work in the reference department of Douglas Library. Much to her surprise she found herself really interested in the work, stayed two years, and then decided to take the one-year librarians' course at Toronto University. She came back to the Queen's library in 1934.

Almost at once Sandy Skelton reached out a long arm for her as he was setting up the Research Department of the Bank of Canada. There must be a library for his department, and Miss Rowland had the unusual and, for the purpose, happy combination of library training and commerce. She came to Ottawa in February 1935 and the Bank of Canada opened its doors the next month.

Miss Rowland was given charge of the library for the Research Department before it had a book, which she says is the ideal time to assume a library. You can then get things going the way you want them. If you inherit a library someone else has installed, it usually takes too long to begin over, and you just have to carry on what you find. Money, Banking and Public Finance were the subjects that had to be represented on the shelves, and innumerable periodicals dealing with the same field. She found her job good fun.

In 1937 Sandy Skelton was appointed Secretary to the Royal Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations. Miss Rowland was made his assistant. For three years she carried on a responsible and strenuous job. The general pattern was that Mr. Skelton did the travelling around the country, meeting with groups on their own territory, Miss Rowland looked after the office in Ottawa. They got pushed about from building to building, too. First they opened up in committee rooms in the House of Commons, then when the House reconvened, they were turned out, into all the worst offices in Ottawa was Miss Rowland's view of it. She always had to supervise the move, buy the furniture, hire the staff. She organized the office, dealt with the correspondence with the various provinces, arranged hearings, got the briefs rounded up. An interesting stream of specialists passed through the office from all over Canada. Miss Rowland had to see to the printing of over a hundred volumes of reports in both French and English.

Dean of Women

In 1940, after the Dominion-Provincial Conference suddenly broke up, Miss Rowland returned to the Bank of Canada to work for the Secretary, D. G. Marble. Perhaps she should be called personnel officer for women. At all events, she now has charge of all the affairs of over a thousand women employed by the Bank of Canada. There are only two or three hundred men on the staff. She interviews girls who apply for jobs, and that was no simple matter in the beginning, when two or three hundred girls applied for each job that was advertised. Main problem is to get the right girl in the right job. She has everything from filing clerks to university graduates doing research work in the head office.

Bank of Canada has bcome a spread-eagle affair in Ottawa. Behind its primary pure stone building on Wellington Street now stands a temporary building to house the Foreign Exchange Control Board. Down on King Edward Avenue is a vast permanent building full of War Savings Department, which employs more women than any other department. This will go on some time after the war, too, since the war savings certificates run on for seven years before maturity.

Miss Rowland organizes recreation for her staff, too; bowling clubs, softball teams, bicycling expeditions, and other organized sports. The men, she says, spring happily to her assistance, are only too glad to be invited to join in any fun. Prizes last fall for the various winning teams were presented at a now famous wiener roast out at the RA lodge at Fairy Lake. But the Bank personnel like to keep their own identity, don't lose themselves in the huge RA organization of the Civil Service in the Capital.

Mary Rowland is on the permanent staff of Bank of Canada. Were she a male, she would no doubt be in line for a career of considerable prestige. As it is, she is a credit to her sex in the business world.

• •

WHY?

THE lady 'neath the smallest hat
Is often very short and fat;
While "slivers", slick and very tall
Wear cartwheels, like a parasol!

MONA GOULD.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

An Old Time Recruiting System; Comment on Willson Woodside

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

A FEATURE of volunteer enlistments during the first Great War, which seems to be wanting during the present war, was the undertaking by prominent Canadians, such as Col. Sam Sharpe, M.P., of Ontario County, and Col. Smythe, of Algoma District, in Ontario, as indeed, of other Provinces, to raise regiments in their districts and, after due training, to accompany them to Britain. This practice represented a form of quotas, by counties, and, it served to secure enlistments of men who would, otherwise, have been slow to enlist. It was a form of draft based upon loyalty to a well known and liked local military officer. It may be that such a plan of inducing needed reinforcements to enlist and train is now not favored by the Department of Defence.

Iroquois, Ont. HIRAM GREY.

Two Pros and a Con

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I CANNOT resist saying a word of admiration for Mr. Woodside's recent analysis of the Greek situation. So far as I see, and I have some private information, particularly on the excesses of the ELAS during the German occupation, he has estimated the situation exactly. I speak from personal acquaintance with Greece and the Greeks.

DOROTHY BURR THOMPSON
Toronto, Ont.

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT IS a source of pride to me as it must be to thousands of Canadians, to know that your Mr. Woodside is conspicuous among the few in this country who show perspicacity concerning the mess of problems that will be dumped on the peace table. I, for one, will credit him with a sense of fairness, objectivity and the longer view which is absent from so much stuff that is written or spoken today.

Moncton, N.B. OWEN O'CLONTARF

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR Mr. Willson Woodside is a dirty fascist rat, a tenth-rate quisling, a Hitler agent, a reactionary anti-Soviet.

(unsigned)

Ottawa, Ont.

Mr. Woodside's mail brings him an average of ten letters of approval to one of disapproval. Ed.

The Single Tax Dream

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. CHAUVIN'S article "Is National Unity Really Attainable in Canada?" (Nov. 18) interested me. Someone has said that man has a "trinity of imperatives,"—Man must live. Man must live with others. Man must live with himself. Here are included the economic, the social and the psychological or religious.

The first *must* is that man must live and unless he lives a decent and fairly prosperous life economically, every other phase of his life is put under a warping stress. If there exists an historical, racial or linguistic difference between sections of a community, any stress in the first *must* magnifies such differences out of all proportion.

I was in B.C. during the last depression and I found there a strong tendency to secede and join the U.S. I do not think it is too much to say that this separatist under-current is on the upswing throughout Canada today. I believe this could be stopped and if I could be dictator for a short period, this is how I would go about it:

After having made a scientific appraisal of all the land in Canada, I would take away from local governments the right to tax the value of land. I would then impose a federal levy on its value that would, in course of time, take most if not all the economic rent of land for revenue. This in itself would give every inhabitant of Canada a sense of a direct and vital stake in his country whether he lived in B.C. or in Quebec. It would at once make of Canada, from coast to coast, one solid economic unit.

I would, of course, return to the provinces and municipalities a sum that would make it unnecessary to tax any progress such as building and business. The tariff wall, especially between us and the United States could be virtually abolished. Even the income tax, excepting on very high incomes and profits could also be discontinued. A vast army of unproductive bureaucrats could be released for production and all government would be greatly simplified and cheapened. The per capita income of different parts of Canada would be equalized greatly. The idea that one section had an advantage upon another would vanish.

I could go on but what's the use. I'll never get the chance. But, Mr. Editor, watch this: Great Britain itself, soon after this war will be split into three parts—England, Scoland and Wales, unless a single economic unit is formed there by the taxation of the value of all land instead of taxing progress.

Hamilton, Ont. R. WYNNE.

Church and Slums

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

SOME weeks ago a press report quoted Mr. J. W. Buckley, secretary of the Toronto and District Trades & Labor Council, as saying "The Church of England in the City of Toronto is one of our largest owners of slum property." Actually the Church of England, in and around Toronto, does not own any slum property whatever; the property it does own, as part of its endowment, being store and warehouse property of a good character.

I telephoned Mr. Buckley and discussed the matter with him, when he was good enough to say that his information was evidently incorrect, and that he would correct the statement at the next meeting of his Council. This I presume he has done, though I have not seen any press report of it. May I ask you, therefore, to give this correction the same publicity as the original mis-statement received. I may add that the Church of England through its Council for Social Service in Toronto has done a good deal in recent years towards better housing, sometimes in the face of much unpopularity.

(REV.) T. F. SUMMERHAYES.
Toronto, Ont.

SATURDAY NIGHT
THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established 1887

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Printed and Published by
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Ont.

Vol. 60, No. 21 Whole No. 2706

The Front Page

(Continued from Page One)

over the country was of vital interest, whether or not it was exaggerated or incorrect. If no official statement was available to show whether and how far it was exaggerated or incorrect, the story should still have been broadcast with the warning that it was possible or likely that it was exaggerated and that the official version was not yet available.

Another Calendar

THE firm of Rolph Clark Stone, who always rank high in the calendar competition, did not get in under the wire in last week's entries, but we have to give them a supplemental award because of the timeliness of their offering. It is "Dedicated to Canadian Youth" and is a very fine reproduction of an oil painting by Kenneth Forbes, R.C.A., the popular portrait painter, depicting a typical Canadian lad in the kind of shirt and home-made leather vest which he wore before he donned the uniform. The face is a fine one, serious, confident, yet tender and sensitive; and many thousands of older Canadians will see in it something of a portrait of the lad they love, whose early return is the object of their most ardent prayers.

Radio and Monopoly

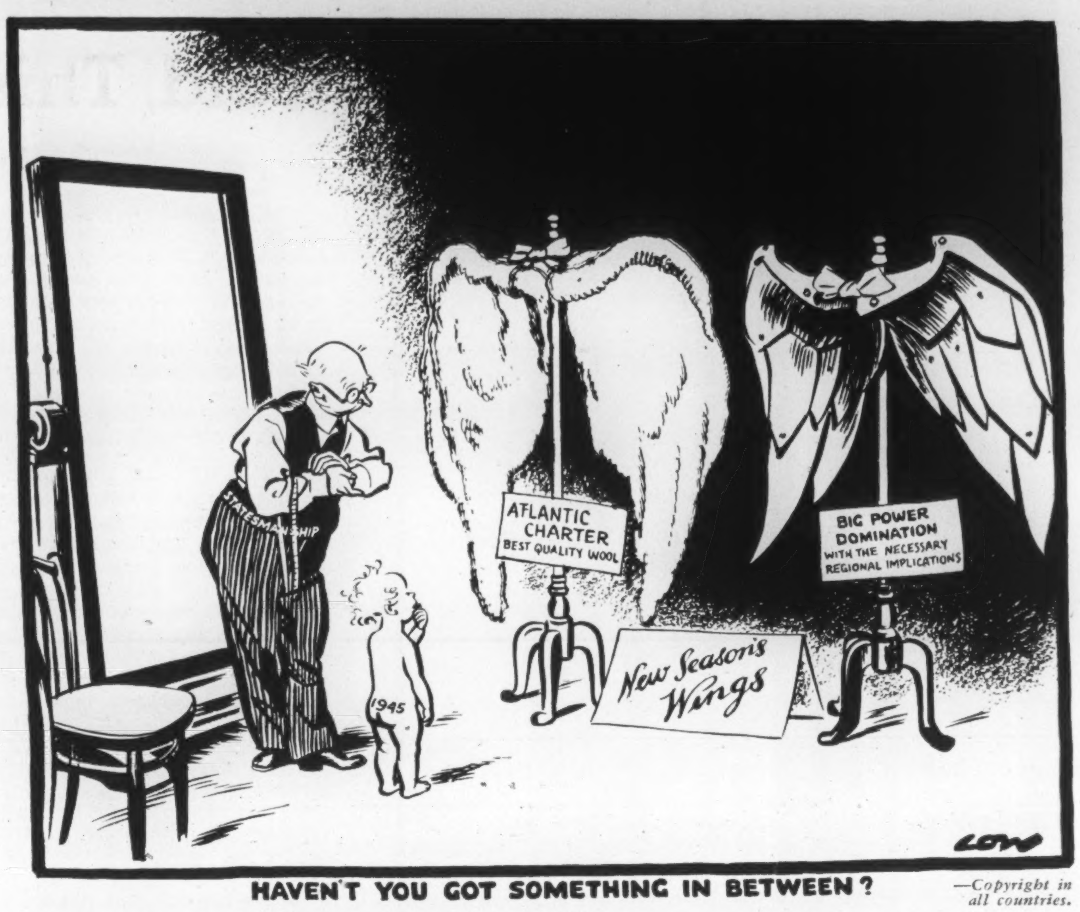
THERE IS not much enlightenment to be had by Canadians from the views of the London *Economist* on the subject of monopoly in broadcasting. Great Britain has practical monopoly in broadcasting, and it is subject to most of the criticisms that the *Economist* passes upon it. Canada has nothing even approaching monopoly in broadcasting and cannot possibly have so long as the United States, whose stations reach almost every part of the Dominion, does not itself adopt that system.

Even within the limits of the *Economist's* argument, the attempt to draw a parallel between broadcasting and printing is entirely beside the point. In printing, the number of channels of communication is unlimited, and one channel can address itself to ten million people while another can aim at ten thousand. In broadcasting, the number of channels is strictly limited, and while the power of the individual stations varies, each station must address itself to the largest obtainable number of listeners within the area which it can cover. But an even greater difference lies in the fact that printing addresses itself to the people who are willing to pay for it, and succeeds in proportion to the number of purchasers which it can attract, whereas broadcasting cannot collect anything from the listeners whom it reaches and must be entirely paid for by somebody else—an advertiser, or a propagandist, or as in the case of Canada, the entire body of listeners paying on the basis of the listening sets which they use.

Even in printing, the development of several somewhat monopolistic features in the daily newspaper (membership in the great news supplying agencies, control of the popular comic strips, etc.) has considerably diminished the social value of free competition, and the radio starts out with precisely similar limitations and adds a few more of its own.

The *Economist* criticisms are being used in Canada chiefly to buttress the claim that the private stations should have the right to make their own chain connections. This is an arguable contention, but it is certainly not arguable on any analogy with the business of printing. There is only a limited amount of wire connection available in Canada and only a limited number of wave lengths in each broadcasting centre. What this would lead to would be in effect the establishment of two, or at the outside three, great chains of linked stations throughout the Dominion. One of these must obviously belong to the national system supported by the license fees of Canadian listeners; none of the critics appear to object to the existence and functioning of this organization as a means of preventing the complete domination of the air by American broadcasts. The second chain, if there were only two, would be a monopoly so far as any competition by other private owners was concerned, while if there were three with two of them in private hands there would be a species of competition, limited always by the fact that no new competitor could possibly introduce himself.

The whole theory that freedom of the press and freedom of the air are on the same basic footing is untenable. It may have much more validity, however, if frequency modulation becomes an important part of the radio picture. In this kind of transmission the wave extends only to the horizon and cannot interfere with any similar or adjacent wave outside of that limit. This means an almost unlimited number of possible wave lengths in each metropolitan centre, and reduces the monopoly element very heavily. There still remains the consideration that the right in a wave length is not an absolute property right like the right in a printing press and the building which houses it, but is an artificial right created by the government in order to obviate the confusion which would result from a number of persons broadcasting at the same time on the same wave length in the same field. It seems to us that there is an obligation on the government to enquire into such matters, for example, as the character of the owner of such a right, in a way which it does not do in the case of the owner of a newspaper.



HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOMETHING IN BETWEEN?

—*Copyright in all countries.*

The Saving of Britain

"NOW that Britain has been saved by American help once more——." —David Lawrence, American author and columnist.

Yes, Mr. Lawrence, that is true. The man who gets into the fight last always "saves" all the others on whose side he fights. (The South American republics no doubt feel convinced that they "saved" the United States!) It has taken all the united efforts of a great many nations (twenty-six, isn't it?) to get even as near to defeating Germany as we now are, and that isn't any too near. They came in the order of nation A, nation B, nation C, and so on down to Z; if twenty-six is right there are just enough letters to go around. Nation A was presumably Poland, and Nation A was saved by B and C, presumably Britain and France, with D and E and F and others, the British Commonwealth nations, coming in almost as promptly. And so it went on, some additional nations coming in of their own free will, and others—Russia, the United States, etc.,—coming in because the Germans or the Japanese attacked them. Each added nation "saved" all its predecessors, because obviously, since we are only just managing to defeat Germany and Japan with our united forces, we could not have done the job without everybody joining in on it.

But there is also a sense, and a very important sense, in which the earliest nations to come in "saved" all the others, and that is why it is not in the best of taste to put the thing quite so one-sidedly. If Poland had thrown up her hands instead of fighting, France would have thrown up her hands much earlier. If France had thus thrown up her hands, how small would have been the chances of Britain being able to maintain that indispensable bridgehead on the eastern side of the Atlantic, without which the present invasion of Germany would have been utterly impossible, and even the recovery of the western territory of Russia would have been problematical.

As Mrs. Roosevelt was putting it about the time Mr. Lawrence was writing: "I am beginning to get letters asking why American boys are dying for the sake of what shall happen to various European countries and I think this country should start 1945 by remembering that we went into this war to defend ourselves and to defeat Germany and Japan, because if we hadn't they would have beaten us. . . . We forget modern history very quickly."

A Prospectus

SOMEBODY has sent us what we take to be a prospectus of the new Saskatchewan bond issue of one million dollars. At any rate it contains a subscription form on which application may be made for any required number of $50, $100, $500 or $1,000 bonds, bearing three per cent and due in February 1955. The prospectus however makes it clear that we, not being residents of Saskatchewan, are not invited and would probably not be permitted to subscribe, for "these bonds are being sold to the people of Saskatchewan . . . so that the people can invest their savings in the prosperity and happiness of their own province." This appears to be just as well, for if the bonds were actually being offered in other provinces we should feel inclined to ask the appropriate authorities to scrutinize the offering.

The prospectus says among other things: "There is no safer investment in Canada today." This appears to us a slight exaggeration. It says: "Security Bonds will be saleable just like Victory Bonds." This is only true to the extent that there is no more obstacle in law to the selling of the one than to the selling of the other. It says: "Will the industries created by Security Bonds be sound?" and it answers: "Absolutely. Before any industry is started months of research and study by various experts assure that it will be successful." Our experience is that no amount of research and study by experts can assure the success of an industry before it is started.

The bonds, we learn, are "backed by the Saskatchewan government and by the industries they will create." (That is why there is "no safer investment in Canada.") There does not appear to be any lien in their favor on the properties of the industries, or any power to foreclose in the event of non-payment of interest. As regards the backing of the Saskatchewan government, that government is at the moment refusing to pay its obligations to the Dominion on the ground of inability to raise the necessary money without unduly impairing the standard of living of its people, so that its taxing power is, on its own representations, strained to the limit; yet that taxing power is the only real security behind this issue. We hope that the Saskatchewan government's salespeople are not advising their potential clients to sell their Victory Bonds—for which there *is* a market outside of the province—in order to purchase these Security bonds.

The Passing Show

THE new Income Tax form is ready, announces Ottawa, and may be obtained without charge at any post office. Several attractive spaces are provided for the use of those who doodle in their spare time.

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From a Toronto editorial: "Thwarted in the West and thrust back in the South, the Germans are now facing the gathering fury in the East." Keeping one hopeful eye on Grey North.

•

A New York confectionery store specializes in overseas parcels of "pin-up cookies" modelled after Hollywood cuties. The G.I. Joes can now have their cheesecake and eat it too.

•

A Berlin radio broadcast denies that Himmler planned an attempt on Ribbentrop's life. Hun propaganda is becoming increasingly pessimistic. It can't even keep bad news to itself.

•

Color Scheme

Many people feel blue
That the Russians are red,
But things would look black if
They were yellow instead.

•

Those who were hoping that Rundstedt would be trapped in the bottleneck of the salient have at least the satisfaction of knowing that he is back in the bottle.

•

MEETING PLACE OF BIG 3
DECIDED BUT IS SECRET
—Headline in Montreal *Gazette.*

Our own guess is that it will take place at the next flag-stop to Shangri-La.

•

Before the recent truce in Greece, writes a correspondent, British and Elas troops played football together even while shots were being fired all round. Sounds like referee trouble.

•

A recent news report stated that the hens of Sir Archibald Clark-Kerr, British Ambassador in Moscow, won an egg-laying contest, with those of U.S. Ambassador Harriman as runners-up. This looks like another of those enemy items designed to foster bad feeling between the allies.

•

A statistician has estimated that if the 500,000,000 eggs which Canadian poultrymen are to ship to England this year were laid end to end in a straight line, it would still be a lot of eggs.

•

A New York fashion editor writes that this year "diaper shorts" will make beach clothes briefer. Oh, baby!

•

The C.N.R. reports that last year over 500,000 persons travelled on the "Ocean Limited". A modest estimate. We were on it at the time and from our vantage point on the luggage rack the number seemed much higher.

"Of Irenic Temper"

I have lived with the English tongue
Ever since I was fair and young.
(Let no reader become so bold
As to aver I am stark and old!)
Never once till this very day
Had the word IRENIC come my way.

Thought for a moment; nothing clicked!
Riffled through my old Oxford Dict.
There it was; from the Greek *eirene*
(Why, of course. I'm a very greenie!),
Meaning devoted to peace and calm.
That's the sort of chap I am.
All these years gone galumphing o'er,
Couldn't describe myself before!

That's the charm of the language. Ever our pride it stirs.
Nobody ever learns it *all* but the lexicographers.

J. E. M.

•

Large gray wolves are said to be invading many communities in Ontario this winter. Probably selling mining stocks to innocent lambs.

•

"Can you imagine that great British statesman, Mr. Churchill, crawling and snivelling to the electors and holding a whip over their heads?"—Mr. W. Garfield Case at Oxenden, Grey North.

Well—er—not both at once.

•

"Rugged individualism" can be too rugged. A southern mountaineer said of the people of his neighborhood: **"There ain't no leader, and there ain't none of us will foller, and we won't be druv."**

Cold, This Winter? Take

By Wallace Hunt

(Torontonians shivering in a temperature of 10 below zero on January 6, the city's coldest day so far this season of near record-breaking winter storms, could still thank their lucky stars they weren't living in White River, where the thermometer that same day slithered down to 47 below. This account of a visit to Canada's reputedly coldest spot shows exactly what they missed!)

I BREATHED in, and the air cut sharply as if I was inhaling razor blades. Underfoot, the snow crackled like popcorn, and the steam from my breath swirled around my eyes and froze on the brows in gentle icicles. The thermometer read 47 below zero.

This was my introduction to White River, which is a mere cluster of buildings with 500 people plopped down in the heart of an endless northern Ontario wilderness of lakes and jackpine jungle, surrounded by a series of steep young mountains. Seventy miles south is bleak, unfriendly Lake Superior, and stretching for hundreds of miles north to Hudson's Bay is an endless pattern of lakes and bush, looking from the air like an ocean heavily dotted with islands.

White River exists for only one reason, because the Canadian Pacific Railway built a transcontinental railway back in the 1880's, and railways must have division points. That same railway is the village's Burma road to the outside world. There's a road five or six miles out of the settlement that once was to have been part of the Trans-Canada highway, but the highway route was changed and White River's road now leads nowhere, ending in dense bush.

One Claim to Fame

White River has one claim to fame because nobody's ever seriously disputed the boast of the natives that it is consistently the coldest place on either of the American continents. Of course, they overlook the fact that Alaska and Canada's Northwest Territories are part of this here continent of ours. It's become a tradition or legend, or whatever you want to call it, for Canadians to accept this claim as fact.

"In summer, even when it is 90 in the shade," said Robert Mealey, who is the local Dominion government weatherman as well as assistant stationmaster, "people, when the train stops, turn up their coat collars and run up and down the platform flapping their arms. They say with teeth chattering, 'This is the coldest place in North America', and rub their ears to make sure they are not frozen."

I had come to White River looking for Arctic weather in a territory which is not even sub-Arctic, but had no difficulty finding it. I had arrived just a few hours after the early winter night had spread its inky blanket across the desolate, pine-dotted snows, and stepped off the train into 47 below zero.

The first few minutes of low temperatures don't bother you. Arctic cold is like that. It often feels no worse than zero in wind-swept cities because, when the thermometer drops to 30 or 40 or 50 below, there is no wind. Its treachery is first revealed when you suddenly realize there is no feeling in a cheek or an ear.

There are many red lights to constantly remind you of the cold so that you don't get nipped. In the distance are occasional rifle-like reports from the cracking ice of the river as it registers its protest to the low mercury. In the quiet of the early morning, the smoke stands erect over the chimneys like frozen candles. All the moisture in the air condenses into fine mist and steam rises from the protesting earth and envelops the settlement like a smoke screen. Huskies emit an eerie, wolf-like howl, which echoes in a staccato rhythm through the cold, clear air. (And while on the subject of huskies, the Arctic variety may sleep in the open in the coldest of weather, but not in White River. The few I saw there all had their little kennels with snow well banked up on the sides to keep the cold out.)

There's a Reason

Canada's chief weather forecaster, Frank O'Donnell, has a few words to say about cold, and while exploding White River's "coldest place" theory, explains how the claim originated. "When the first transcontinental railway was built," he said, "White River was for a long time the most northerly point of observation in Canada. As it happened to be the point later on from which the weather reports were sent, it got credit for the subzero of other areas." Thus, White River's all-time low of 61 below in 1935 is surpassed by nearby points such as Hornepayne with 72 below, and Iroquois Falls with 73 below.

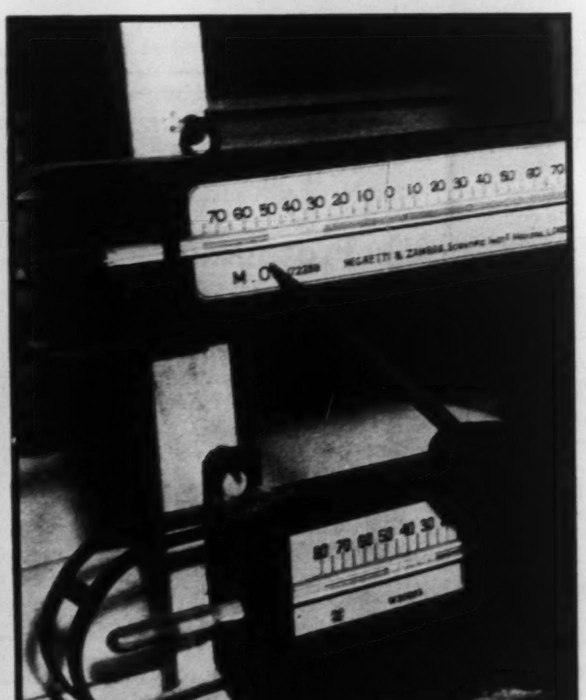
White River, however, does outrank many Arctic and sub-Arctic points. For instance, 45 below is the best that Lake Harbor in South Baffin Land can boast.

How cold weather occurs is explained by A. J. Connor, a dominion weather expert and author of a pamphlet on "The Temperature of Northern Canada." He says that cold air flows down hill like water, and White River is at the bottom of a trough into which cold air flows.

"The cold air being heavier flows down into the hollows and it is at the bottom of them that it is coldest. The air when still will be in strata, and there may be great differences in the temperatures of the layers.

In White River, traditionally known as Canada's coldest spot, steam from the train hangs low in the still and cloudless atmosphere, and envelops the small settlement like a veritable smoke screen.

This machine records White River's wind direction. When wind blows, the cold is felt more.



Cheek or ear may be nipped before you realize the thermometer has slithered down to 54 below.

Indian children warm up around a wood stove ingeniously made from a discarded oil drum.

No strip-tease here. Just an out-door worker donning his customary 25 pounds of clothing.

In the quiet of the early morning, the smoke stands erect over White River's chimneys like frozen candles. River-ice emits rifle-like reports.

a Look at White River!

Photos by Malak

At earth level, the bottom layer may be 60 degrees below zero, but the layer on the top of the surrounding hills, only 30 below."

This explanation fits White River perfectly, as the village is on the bottom of a wide valley, encircled by hills. In this hollow is the weather station, screened so well from the wind by a spruce grove that it records the temperature of the bottom layers of frost.

But don't think that people rush from their houses to the tops of the nearby hills to get warm. That's where there is likely to be a wind, which causes low temperatures to be felt more. The houses, surrounded by their high wood piles and banked high with snow, are all down in the valley where the lowest temperatures can get at them the easiest and the high winds the hardest.

White River people in general don't act the part that would be expected of them. Women walk around in silk stockings, the weatherman himself with a peak cap that would be looked for only in much warmer climes. Everyone shovels on more coal and goes on with his or her daily routine as though nothing was amiss, grumbling no more about the weather than his countrymen in warmer places such as Toronto or Vancouver.

The railwaymen, working out in the cold, definitely act the part. One of them is Bert O'Neil, a railway switchman. He worked in the railway yard the night of the 61 below—eight hours of it close to a steaming engine. Particles of steam, together with the moisture from his own breath, had frozen on his face and clothes and turned him into a human icicle.

Like Giant Gift Parcel

I followed him to his room to see what quantities and kind of clothes are worn to permit men to keep working in this frigid weather. No doubt you've seen a friend unwrap a giant gift parcel, something the size of a hat box, which finally was found to contain nothing larger than a ring or bracelet. Well, to watch O'Neil strip was to feel the same suspense of not knowing what to expect next and of not knowing when the last wrapping is about to come off.

He peeled off a pair of heavy rubber boots and parka with hood; underneath was a fur hat, woollen scarf and woollen windbreaker and overalls. The next layer consisted of a turtle-neck sweater and a pair of trousers.

Now he is down to the underwear—that is, once that heavy canvas shirt comes off. Here's one disappointment—one or two pair of socks inside the boots; I expected at least three or four. Now for the underwear. One pair's peeled off . . . two pair off . . . and now the third and final pair. I took the whole pile of clothes, weighed them and they registered 25 pounds.

O'Neil's boots alone weighed almost as much as the clothes worn by one woman who permitted me to examine her wardrobe. Her lingerie and silk stockings—the same as the women in Montreal or Halifax wear—dress, high-heel shoes and overshoes, hat and cloth coat weighed a mere seven pounds. It should be mentioned, however, that few White River women are comfortable with cloth coats. Fur coats definitely are the vogue.

However the secret of living in frigid temperatures comfortably is to wear the right quantity of clothing; too much is as bad as too little. I proved the theory at White River, as I found that one sweater more or less made the difference between me sweating on a relatively warm day and shivering on a cold day.

Trains Are Late

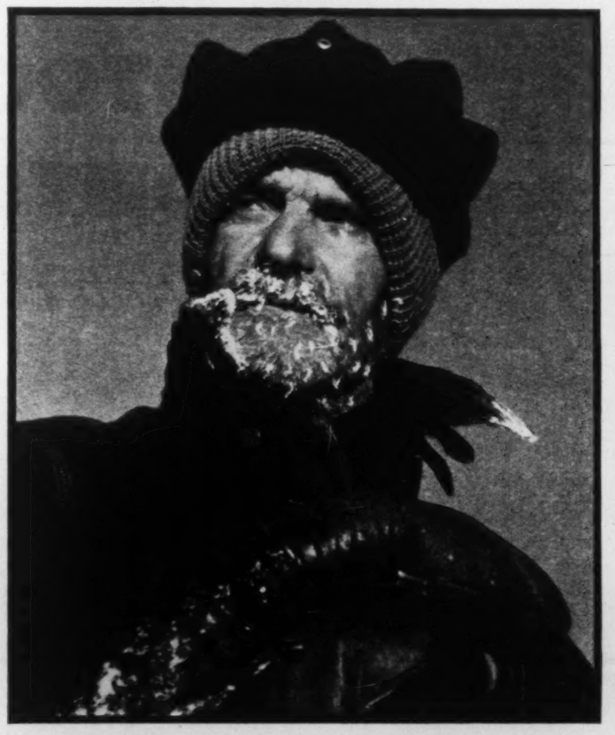
White Riverites know all about the difficulties of railroading in cold weather. Forty and 50 below means broken water lines on engines and frozen switches and brakes on trains, all of which delays trains. During the week I was there, probably not more than half a dozen of the 40 or more passenger trains (six a day) were on time; a couple ran 24 hours late, many 10 or 12 hours behind. Trains struggle into stations so brightly adorned with frost and icicles and snow that they glisten in the sun or moon like a gaily decorated Christmas tree.

I found that White Riverites don't economize on heat. I've spent five winters in much milder Toronto and have yet to enjoy the consistent, inside warmth of the week in White River. The hotel I stayed at had the hottest water and the coldest water in adjacent taps I ever felt.

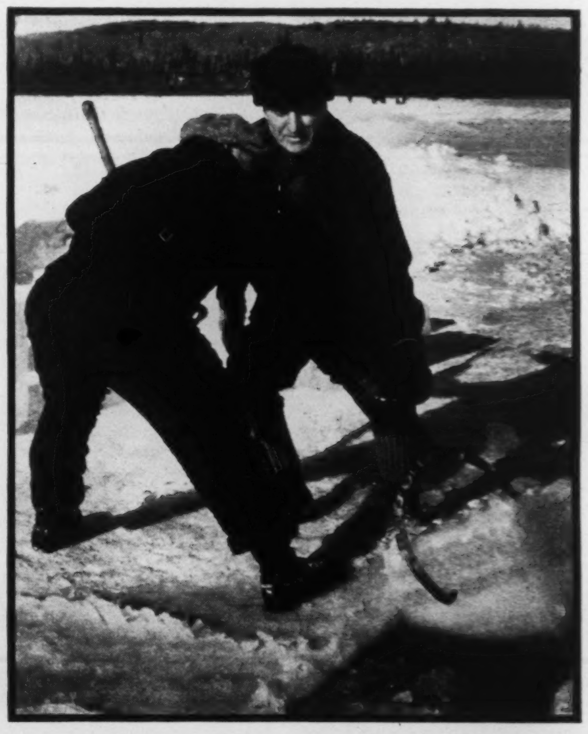
The coal bills in White River would make a city dweller wince. "Fifteen tons of coal is what we use in a winter," said the weatherman's wife, Mrs. Mealey, who looks after a nine-room house. And there's also a substantial amount of wood used. The people who have no coal will burn as many as 50 cords of wood, which is cut on government land within a few miles of town and hauled in on horse-drawn sleighs.

Winter is a time in White River to lay up the cars; the low temperatures breed a variety of troubles, and anyway the snow quickly blocks what streets and roads there are. So my parting glimpse of this land of jackpine and low temperatures was of a newly-wedded couple riding away from the church in an old-fashioned, 1890's-style, horse-drawn sleigh.

So far this winter, snowfall in White River has been only 30½ inches compared to Toronto's 51.9 inches. But up there they don't shovel it away, but bank it high about their houses to keep out cold and wind.



This White River railway sectionman finds his beard turned to ice after working in 50 below.



Who'd believe it goes to 90 in the shade there in the summer! But that's what the ice is for.

Railroading is tough at 50 below. Water lines break and frozen switches and brakes cause delays. This train schedule tells the whole sad story.

It's a healthy life! This oldster of 73 snowshoes 2 miles to cut wood.

White Riverites do manage many a jovial get-together, even in the winter, but they pile on the coal and hug the fireplaces.

Let's Try Some Shaping of Things to Come

By J. M. MACDONNELL

This is the first of two articles on the coming conflict between the partisans of regional self-sufficiency and the partisans of international trade, in Great Britain and in other countries.

Mr. Macdonnell, who recently resigned from the presidency of the National Trust Co. to devote himself to politics, suggests that the prospect for Canada in a world of regional economic blocs will be "intolerably bleak. . . . We do not fit in either to a sterling block or a dollar bloc."

THE other day I talked with a man recently back from England who had a good opportunity of gauging the feeling in British political and business circles about trade in the post war world. He found two schools of thought.

The first is hopeful, broad, outward looking—hopeful that after the war the spirit of co-operation among nations will continue and will be manifested in a readiness to work for a world-wide economic expansion based on the freest possible exchange of goods. It would take its courage in both hands and run whatever risks are necessary in a bold attempt to make international trade move more freely. This view gives at least the hope of a family of nations trading with each other, and of a return, partial at least, to the trade internationalism before the first war. In a word it gives some prospect of a community of interest among nations which will be favorable to peace.

The second view is pessimistic, narrow, inward looking. It is pessimistic as regards any broad, expansive economic co-operation. It rather scorns Bretton Woods as idealistic and unpractical. It is narrow in its attitude toward trade and tends toward the economic isolationism of the 1930's. It takes the narrow position that Britain must use its buying power in a tough and realistic manner to secure export trade and in the main on a narrow bi-lateral basis. It faces us with the prospect of private bargains between pairs of nations concerned to promote the economic interests of the contracting parties and of necessity largely regardless of the effect on the other nations. It offers little but a return to the frantic but unsuccessful attempts at self-sufficiency which were tried and found wanting in the 1930's. It has abundantly demonstrated that it will recreate the rivalries and jealousies wars are made of.

War Unity in Peace

The first view believes that we should address ourselves wholeheartedly to the task of reconstructing a functioning international economic system, and that this can be done by a continuation into peace of the constructive and co-operative spirit of war. It recognizes that this will involve the manifestation in peace of some of the great qualities shown in war, and in particular will assume a large measure of responsibility for the reconstruction of devastated countries. It believes that in the long run, if this is done with courage, imagination and a co-operative spirit, it will prove to be good business.

The second view is expressed forcibly, if somewhat starkly, from our Canadian point of view in the article entitled "Britain Must Discard Ideas of Free Trade" by Robert Boothby in SATURDAY NIGHT of January 6. After ridiculing Free Trade or anything approaching it as an exploded idea he plumps for a regionalism of trade on the basis of a statement by Sir William Beveridge to the effect that nations which are going in for a planned economy with full employment cannot afford to go in for multi-lateral trading, on the ground that it will make them too subject to the vicissitudes of the rest of the world. In other words England which till 1932 was the leader in freedom is now to become the leader in autarky.

These two views are in conflict in Britain. As the end of the war approaches signs accumulate that the narrow view may prevail. The unity which common danger produced is now weakening and the prospect of post war rivalries creates fears rather than unity. The recent outburst in the London *Economist* is an instance of what fears can do to a journal usually wise, sober and moderate. If we have enough of such trans-Atlantic incivilities the chance of post war co-operation will lessen and our hopes of prosperity fade and die.

No Other Course?

Those who take this narrow view in Britain for the most part do so very unwillingly. Indeed they argue that they have no other course open. They point out that before Lease-Lend in the United States and Mutual Aid in Canada they had to use up in purchases abroad most of their foreign assets thus drastically reducing their purchasing power. Therefore it is self-evident, they say, that they can only buy an amount equal to what they sell. Moreover, and this is a crucial point, those who hold this view apparently rule out borrowing. This was the line taken recently at Ottawa by Lord Keynes, who was reported as having said that people in Britain were "going to stand on their own commercial feet". They are going to avoid at all cost the stigma of further default on international indebtedness.

If this view prevails it appears that, however ready the "surplus" countries like the United States, Canada and the other Dominions may be to finance the "deficit" countries of which the United Kingdom is the chief in order to get trade moving, their offer will be refused. Starting from the position of reduced purchasing power, those who take the narrow view in Britain turn their faces in the direction of self-sufficiency. For example they propose to give British Agriculture sufficient protection to enable it to produce practically as much food as during the war. Incidentally it appears that some of those who may at first have contemplated self-sufficiency only as a necessary evil have rather come round to regard it as a desirable good.

What kind of post war world will we have if this second view prevails? Well there need be no doubt about it —we had a good preview in the 1930's. It will be a world where the individual large powers will form groups of trading satellites, in other words economic blocs. These blocs will have currency and other barriers against the rest of the world. The members of each bloc will trade primarily with each other and only secondarily with other nations.

If such a world arises after the war certain things can be seen with lamentable clarity. There will certainly be a sterling bloc and a North American bloc. The sterling bloc may consist of the British crown colonies, the dominions other than Canada, the Low Countries (Holland and Belgium), France and perhaps India. The North American bloc will consist of the United States and the Central and South American countries (except the Argentine) with perhaps the Caribbean and Pacific countries thrown in. Some other countries and notably China might be the object of competition between the two blocs.

The consequences to the whole world if these blocs arise are formidable indeed. All nations will suffer. The great devastated areas of Europe, the home of hundreds of millions of the most highly developed inhabitants of the world, will suffer, for on any short range bargaining view they will not be good business risks. Britain will suffer—at the present time she depends for many of her raw materials and much of her food stuffs on gifts from Canada and the United States. In wartime these gifts are merely a reasonable contribution to the carrying on of the war. But when peace comes the need will continue for reconstruction as now for war. Even the Americans, so long believers in self-sufficiency, now realize that with their vast new producing capacity the bloc system will spell unemployment and suffering;—in plain words they realize the urgent need of foreign trade.

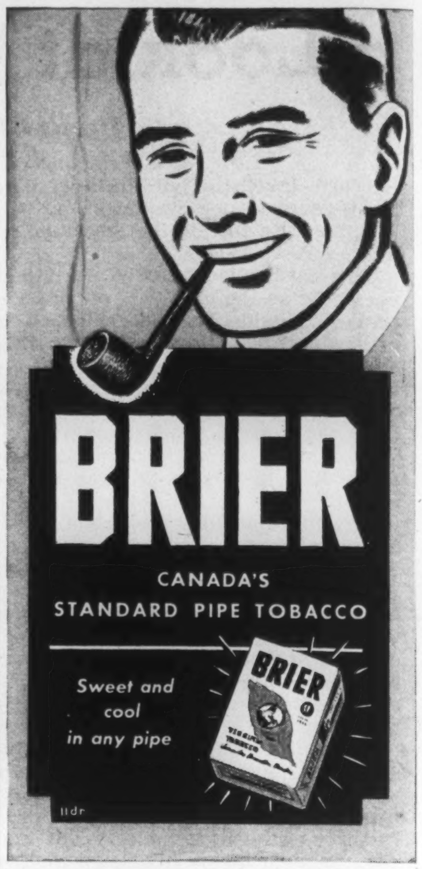
But if there is one country above all others which will suffer if we relapse into a revival of the isolationism of the 1930's or any approach to it, Canada is that country. We will be out on the end of a very long limb.

Our whole economic structure is based on the assumption that there will be intimate commercial relations between the United States and the United Kingdom. We have sold more to the United Kingdom than we bought from them and bought more from the United States than we sold. This was only because we were able to use the sterling we got from London (from sales in Britain and elsewhere) to pay the balance of our indebtedness to the United States. We all remember painfully what happened at the beginning of the 1930's when every nation including the United Kingdom began to seek economic self-sufficiency. We found that we in Canada could only export in greatly reduced quantities or at ruinous prices. That was the inevitable result of a world of nations drawing in on themselves, doing their utmost to reduce to a minimum their imports of foreign goods and to conserve their cash.

Bleak Prospect

If we have to return to such a world the prospect for us in Canada is intolerably bleak. We do not fit in either to a sterling bloc or a dollar bloc. History and economic development have made us part of Europe. Geography has made us inescapably North American.

Our position in such a world was indicated with almost inhuman clarity in the London *Economist* in February 1944. The *Economist* says: "The Sterling area would have a wide membership, the United Kingdom and the Colonial Empire would be founder members. The importance of the U.K. market would attract Australia, N.Z., South Africa and also India. It should not be impossible, granted



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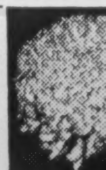

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American benevolence, to arrange the closest interworking with Holland and Belgium, Denmark, Norway and possibly France and Portugal with their overseas dependencies. Canada, Newfoundland and possibly some other areas would *necessarily remain outside*, but even so it should be clear that the field for an experiment in planned expansion of trade would not be a small one".

This is plain speaking and is all the more significant when we remember that by tradition and conviction the *Economist* has a strong free trade bias. Moreover there is abundant evidence in statements made by leading British public men that the *Economist* article is not just an economist's view. Lord de la Warr, for example, Chairman of the Agricultural Research Council of Great Britain, put it bluntly in a recent speech in Toronto: "Britain would like to take Canadian wheat and bacon after the war but we can do so only on two bases—either as a gift which I do not anticipate or by purchase through the medium of industrial exports". Observe again there is no mention of a broad multi-lateral system of credits and trade as envisaged at Bretton Woods.

The passage from the *Economist* supported by the speech of Lord de la Warr and other similar speeches make it only too clear that Canada would indeed "necessarily remain outside" as the *Economist* says. We would not fit in either to the sterling bloc or the dollar bloc. We would be ground between the upper and the nether millstone.

There is one final point. It is perfectly clear from a variety of statements on the subject that it will be part and parcel of these bloc agreements that dealings between states will be on the bulk purchase plan. In other words these dealings will be government operations and will leave little room for private enterprise. The people who favor this view are, whether they know it or not, following in the steps of Schacht who for a time was in charge of German foreign trade, whose method of operation was manipulation of currencies and the use of drastic import and export regulations and the like.

A BUSINESS SESSION
on
The London Life Annual Report

Questions and Answers that reveal valuable information

Is the Company playing an important part in providing financial security for Canadians?

It certainly is. The Billion Dollar mark in life insurance in force was passed during the year. The total at the end of 1944 was one billion and thirty-four million. This is about one-ninth of all the life insurance in force in Canada.

How much insurance did Canadians buy from your Company last year?

One hundred and sixteen million—more than two million dollars a week.

Are war claims heavy?

War claims were twice as large as a year ago but well within the amount for which provision had been made. The Company has made preparation for unusual strain by building strong contingency reserves, as well as providing for claims which may have occurred but of which it has not received word.

What are the Company's principal financial obligations?

Policy reserves are the chief item. They amount to over $151,000,000 and represent 74% of the total assets. Other liabilities to policyholders and their families, such as money left on deposit with the Company and policy dividends, total almost $27,000,000, which is a further 13.2%. Other items including staff pension fund, capital, provision for taxes and miscellaneous liabilities total $10,700,000 or 5.2% of the assets.

What are the resources of the Company?

The total assets are now $204,282,000. Over ninety-two percent of this sum is required to cover the obligations just mentioned and the remaining 7.6% represents contingency and surplus funds held for added security to policyholders.

How about dividend rates in 1945?

London Life policyholders will receive the same high rate of dividends during 1945, despite the lower interest earned on investments. A further decrease in the expense rate has helped to make this possible.

How do you account for the progress of The London Life?

An essential factor has been its long established record for insurance at low cost to policyholders, while maintaining a strong financial position.

The public realize the advantage they gain from the Company's financial stability, and they appreciate the high reputation the members of its sales organization have earned for themselves as counsellors. The London Life selects as representatives only those who show a definite fitness for the life insurance business and then spares no efforts in training and equipping them to give sound advice.

It is the combination of these factors—low cost, public confidence and highly skilled sales service—which is the basis of the London Life's rapid and healthy growth.

A copy of the 1944 Annual Report will be mailed upon request.

The London Life Insurance Company

Head Office - - London, Canada

Houde—Mayor Who Came Back From Internment

By A. E. PERKS

Camillien Houde, as everyone knows, is the Mayor of Montreal who was put into an internment camp for advising citizens not to obey the National Registration order, and who promptly got himself re-elected Mayor as soon as he was released. Houde, obviously, has personality. The question is: has he anything else?

The writer of this article, a prominent Montreal newspaperman, has known Houde well for seventeen years. Says he: "Sound, serious politics almost buried him a score of years ago. A journalistic joke brought him back to life and launched him on a career that almost made him Premier of Quebec. It is dangerous to joke with Camillien. He is liable to take you at your word and make the world do likewise."

IF IT'S easy, he'll flop; if it's impossible he'll do it with one hand; if it's a serious proposition he won't believe it; if it's a joke he'll take it seriously and make it come true. If it has to be done he won't do it. If it's forbidden he can't leave it alone. He's afraid of his shadow, and of nothing else under the sun. He's up, he's down, like a pugilist in pictures, and nobody can keep him in either position for long. He's never so near the top as when he is apparently below the bottom; and never so sure to crash as when he seems on the point of unhanging the sun and taking it home as a souvenir. Who is he?

Camillien Houde, O.B.E., Legion of Honor, the Paradox of Quebec, the most unpredictable stormy petrel that Canadian politics have yet produced; the man who has just walked from an internment camp to the mayoralty of Canada's metropolis with a 15,000 majority.

Sound, serious politics almost buried him a score of years ago. A journalistic joke brought him back to life and launched him on a career that almost made him Premier of Quebec. It is dangerous to joke with Camillien. He is liable to take you at your word, and make the world do likewise.

He laughed Mederic Martin into the limberlost after the four estates had jointly failed to shake him.

Federal and Provincial parties alike with the backing of church and business and press could not slow up his climb toward the premiership of the Province of Quebec, but an accidental twist of a radio dial made him toss his hand into the discard.

Ebullient Mr. Houde

Man of Contradictions

A couple of thousand angry antagonists could not make him flinch at the Montcalm nomination in 1929. But he was afraid to climb the platform, because the village curé said it wasn't solid.

He is the only party leader who ever called the Prime Minister a liar from the floor of the House and got away with it—in this country at any rate.

He is mayor of Montreal today partly because a great many people want him as mayor and partly because a great many people daren't risk having him anywhere else. And the probability is he will get there despite their efforts.

I asked a leading member of the Progressive Conservative party in Montreal shortly after the municipal election: "Why did you, a died-in-the-wool blue, go all out for Houde?"

And he answered: "Because I'd rather see him mayor of Montreal than have him gumming things up in the Federal election." He is as likely as not to gum things up there anyhow, but the big Tory is hoping.

And a big supporter of Adhemar Raynault, whom Houde defeated, explained to me: "The Liberals promised us their support. They stayed with us up to the last week. But at the finish they didn't dare quarrel with Houde."

It was in January 1928 that Houde's career in politics really began, although he had been a member of the legislature for four years prior to that. At that moment, he was down and out, flat broke and rather discouraged. Defeated in the provincial election of 1927, he believed the Taschereau government had stolen his election and he sank his last cent in contestation proceedings to prove it. By January 1928 he was on the verge of losing his case for want of funds to carry it on, and was even worried a little about such things as rent and the butcher's bill, when the late Leon Gauthier, secretary to the Provincial Opposition, sat chatting with a reporter in party headquarters, and casually asked: "Can't you do anything for that fellow Houde?"

"I could run him for Mayor" the reporter laughed. Many interests, including the papers and some of the public bodies, were casting about for some sacrificial lamb to put up against the invincible perpetual Mayor Mederic Martin.

"Even that wouldn't do any harm," Gauthier said. "He could win his case if he had money but nobody knows him. Nobody will finance him."

It was a dull day for news, so the reporter with his tongue in his cheek ran a two-stick item that ex-M. L. A. Houde was in line for the mayoralty.

Houde cut out the item, sailed into the *Star* office with it, complimented Lord Atholstan on his brilliant reporters, wondered how on earth they had ever managed to ferret out that deep secret, and came away with a cheque big enough to finance the beginning at least of the campaign which ended in his trouncing Mederic Martin to a majority of over 20,000.

New Figure in Politics

Within a couple of months of winning his election he read in Hamilton, Ont., in the English language which he spoke but little at that time, a speech which he admitted he did not fully understand, but which brought the house down with applause and wrung from one of the leading Toronto newspapers the query: "Can it be that a new figure has arisen in the Canadian scene?"

The editorial writer little suspected how true were his words.

Before the year was out, he had been invited by the Boards of Trade of Ontario and by the New England Chambers of Commerce, to tour Ontario and the New England states, delivering lectures at their expense, a trip that might have furnished fame, fun and unlimited pocket-money for a couple of years ahead. But he turned it down because it would have prevented him from continuing his fight against the Taschereau government.

Only, however, when he ventured into the English language and into the realms of philosophy or other definitely non-political subjects did he ever have any help in preparing his speches. He is one of the few outstanding figures of Canadian politics who have no trained seals to write their political speeches and never rehearse them before the mirror.

On the other hand, it might as truly be said of Houde that his whole waking day is one long speech-rehearsal. He is born dramatist. His first successes in public were on the stage in his early manhood. He played many dramatic and operatic roles in amateur companies, and with considerable success. To this day he often breaks off in the midst of a political oration to illustrate by reciting parts of Cyrano de Bergerac, one of his most successful roles of other days. His "Good morning" is still the first words of a drama, short or long and his "Goodbye" the curtain-call of an artist to his audience. If he speaks to you at all he will either make a speech or recite poetry at you.

A good friend of his said not so long ago: "Houde's worst enemy was the man who told him he was a statesman. That robbed Hollywood of an outstanding actor and Houde of a real career."

When he refused to tour the New England states, he took the opportunity to get some funds from the friends who wanted him on tour, to help him fight the Quebec government. Four successive by-elections he fought with bitter intensity and an exchange of hard knocks in which no holds were barred. He won one and lost three. He was chosen Leader of the Opposition in Quebec by a wildly enthusiastic oppositionist convention. The mayoralty of Montreal was again at issue in 1930, and he defeated J. Arthur Mathewson (later Provincial Treasurer in the Godbout government) by over 41,000 majority. He was riding the crest of the wave. He called Premier Taschereau a liar across the floor of the legislature and was "named" by the speaker fifteen minutes before the House prorogued.

Betting On Houde

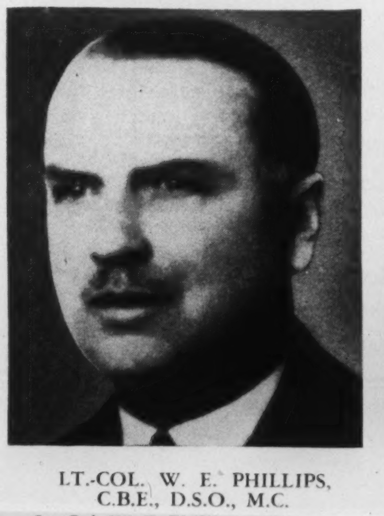
A provincial election was called, and the betting was all—or mostly all—on Houde. He toured the province winning favor right and left. As he had laughed Martin out of office by ridiculing his ermine robe and gold chain, he was laughing Taschereau out of business with his Litany of Taxes and his list of Taschereaus and near-Taschereaus in the civil service, when the hand of fate or some congenital idiot in his immediate entourage turned on the radio.

It was the Thursday evening before the election. Houde was sitting in his home waiting for his car to take him, first to an English-language meeting in Windsor Hotel, later to a French-language meeting in St. Mary's. Several government speakers were already addressing an east-end meeting and they were far from delicate in their discussion of Houde's history, family, physical and mental failings, etc. Houde listened for five minutes to the speech of his ministerial critic and stepped into his car seething.

He couldn't wait to get to the microphone and tear his adversaries to pieces. He went to the limit—and from one end to the other of Quebec Province hard-headed, hard-swearing Catholic farmers and their wives listened, shook their heads and said "Non". A man who spoke like that, however right his cause, mustn't be Premier.

Next morning the betting was re-

New Directors of Confederation Life Association



LT.-COL. W. E. PHILLIPS, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.

J. L. TRUMBULL

Lt.-Col. W. E. Phillips of Toronto, Ont., and J. L. Trumbull of Vancouver, B.C., have been appointed directors of Confederation Life Association. Lt.-Col. Phillips is president of W. E. Phillips Company Ltd., Oshawa, Research Enterprises Ltd., Leaside, Duplate Canada Ltd., Oshawa, Fibreglas Canada Ltd., Oshawa, Duplate Tool & Die Ltd., Toronto, Duplate (Windsor) Ltd., and Smith & Stone Ltd., Georgetown; director, the Royal Bank of Canada, Massey-Harris Company Ltd., Trusts & Guarantee Company Ltd., Steep Rock Iron Mines Ltd.; member, Board of Governors of the University of Toronto and Ontario Research Foundation and Advisory Council. Mr. Trumbull is president of J. L. Trumbull Ltd., Importers and Jobbers, Vancouver; director, B.C. Power Corporation Ltd., Consolidated Finance Company Ltd., Industrial Engineering Ltd., Johnston Storage Company Ltd., Royal Transportation Company Ltd., Terminal Cartage Ltd., and Steele Briggs Seed Company Ltd.; member, Vancouver Advisory Committee of the Canada Trust Company and the Huron and Erie Mortgage Corporation; trustee, Union Steamships Ltd.

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PROGRESS REPORT

· 1944 ·

A Record Year in All Departments

Deposits

1942	$2,057,257.15
1943	$2,762,805.45
1944	**$3,407,637.86**

99% of Deposits are secured by Dominion of Canada Bonds and other high-grade securities.

Estates, etc., Under Administration

1942	$11,383,228.85
1943	$13,280,062.64
1944	**$15,883,402.32**

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1942	$13,838,101.38
1943	$16,455,962.17
1944	**$20,011,583.10**

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versed. The result at the polls justified the change in the odds.

He contested in court nearly every seat in which his candidates were defeated, but the provincial parliament passed the notorious Dillon Bill which, retroactive to cover all cases then in court, quashed all his appeals.

In 1932 the late Hon. Fernand Rinfret defeated him as mayor of Montreal. But in 1934 he came back and defeated Dr. Anatole Plante, the nominee of the Quebec government, by the greatest majority in the history of the city, 52,280. He resigned before his term was over, saying he was disgusted over difficulties between himself and the Executive Committee he had caused to be elected. For although the charter gives the Mayor of Montreal little power, Houde always contrived to wield power, by winning a majority of aldermen to his side and leading them in council.

Behind Barbed Wire

Although he was again a candidate at the election three months after his resignation, he was defeated by Adhemar Raynault, who as alderman had persistently fought against him from the floor of the City Council. In 1938 he ran again and won against C. A. Gascon, 20,000 majority, and his adventures from then on are fresh in every memory. As candidate for Federal honors in Montreal-St. Henri he persistently warned the public that war was coming and that war meant conscription. When National Registration came, he said: "I told you so" so pointedly that he found himself behind barbed wire.

As to the years before this biography began, he was born on August 13, 1889, in the shadow of the railway, in Montreal and after leaving Longueuil College he became a bank clerk, and later a branch manager. Then he went into business on his own account and also became secretary-manager of a political club. In 1923 there was a wave of anti-Taschereau feeling throughout the province that nearly put Hon. Arthur Sauve into power. On the crest of that wave he floated into a seat in the Legislature for Montreal St. Mary's, and held that seat without being particularly noticed until 1927, when he was defeated and started contestation proceedings. He has been married twice and has three daughters. Madeleine is his favorite and the most popular. She is the only one unmarried.

What will Houde's next move be? I have known him for seventeen years and your guess is still as good as mine. One thing may be taken as certain however. If you can compile a list of all the things he is bound to do in the next six months, you may bet your last pair of braces it won't be any of them.

• •

Letter from Italy

(This interesting description of the fighting in Italy is reprinted from the personal letter of a Canadian soldier with an artillery unit taking part in the advance north-west of Ravenna.

"I AM writing this letter on note paper since having been restricted to the bare essentials, I have brought no writing paper with me. I am ACK (assistant) to a F.O.O. (forward observation officer). We were sent out to go up with the infantry to provide them with extra support from our 'Guns'. A F.O.O. party differs from an ordinary O.P. party in that it is more free to move where it will and is usually farther forward—sometimes behind the enemy lines. Since I am B.C. Ack (Battery Comdr's Ack) which is an OP Ac, I sometimes get a chance to go along on these forward observation parties.

"We are in a large Italian mansion. It is situated strategically on a hill outside a village and commands a wonderful view of enemy territory since it is at the tip of a salient. It is a round building, a modern Roman style but nicknamed the "Mosque" with a large round room in the centre on the lower floor, with smaller rooms surrounding it in a ring and several large dining rooms etc., running out from it. Directly above the lower round room is another about three stories high. Here again rooms radiate on all sides from the central chamber which culminates in a large dome. Though this is round, the exterior of the house is almost of a plain square shape. It is very well built and makes an admirable strong point—one might almost say "Fortress". Out of the second and third story windows poke medium machine guns. They clatter away at frequent intervals during the day firing down at any Jerry that pokes his head up. Behind the house sits a tank which runs out from behind every now and then, taking a few shots and backs up again to avoid A/T guns.

"Along the top story are numerous O.P.s for guns, infantry and mortars. Down below in the lower round rooms and others are the infantry boys, glad to have such a comfortable and safe place to sleep. At night patrols often go up ahead and occupy a few houses but during the day we are the 'Front Line'.

"The great thing about this house is that it is so well made that it is practically impregnable to shell fire—the Nemesis of all houses. The house is so built that in its lower stories where we sleep there are always at least two thick walls between the troops and outside. Two good walls will stop any ordinary shell: the first one explodes it, the second one stops the bricks and shrapnel. In a good thick wall the hole from even a heavy shell is surprisingly small. The same shell may of course stave in the whole of an 8" brick wall completely. A good wall also does a lot to stop blast, which can be stunning, painful and of course even fatal.

"Yesterday a few Jerries started moving around over to our flank. The "Fortress" opened up on the area with a sizable proportion of its power. The machine guns facing that flank clattered almost continuously. One of the (Hy) mortar OP's brought their platoon down on the target—big black puffy explosions scattered over the field. We directed our guns on a house some of them had run to, while a troop of field guns air-bursted over the hedge-rows. At the same time the tank started firing at another house that was evidently occupied. Then a strange thing happened. After the first few shots at that house a Jerry came out and started waving a red flag. Naturally the tank ceased fire immediately but the Jerry stayed there while the other nearby places "got it" and continued waving his flag. I didn't envy his job.

"Life in the Mosque at night is also interesting not so much because of exciting events but because of the general atmosphere. The central and lower rooms are all occupied by English infantrymen. They sit around once resplendent tables drinking new vintage wine and old, telling stories and singing. They do not allow happenings outside to interrupt them—not even the tremendous crash of a direct hit on the building which occurs not infrequently during the night. It is just as well that they behave thus for at the time they have nothing to do; there are men on duty at the windows and other openings in the walls. Also by being merry they relieve a certain amount of tenseness in themselves and others which is brought about by our somewhat crowded confinement. We are more or less prisoners in here. It is risky to venture out of the building—even at night.

"It is over a week since I wrote this letter now. Our Infantry pushed ahead—the civilians returned and comparative peace settled on the locality as we pulled out. I went back to the Command Post, worked there for a few days, then was sent here on 48 hours leave. It is our regimental rest centre—a small resort hotel on the Adriatic. There is little to do as the weather is none too warm but it is worth while anyway merely to be away from the dirt, mud and noise for two days.

"One thing I got at the O.P. was a .38 revolver almost new, of English make. I don't like revolvers as I usually pull them off aim—but it is a good one as revolvers go."

"The Fortress", formerly an Italian mansion, used as an O.P. by a Canadian artillery unit in Italy. Rooms within radiate on all floors from a large round central chamber.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

If You Get Anything for Nothing It Isn't Worth Carrying Home

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

"MAY I come in and sit down?" Miss A. asked, coming in and sitting down. "I've been out all morning sampling public opinion and I'm simply dead on my feet."

"Did you get any satisfactory results?" I asked; and Miss A. said cautiously that she couldn't be sure till she had gone over her lists and tabulated the entries.

"In any case," she went on, "it's pretty generally accepted without a poll that the vote will go to Mayor Garfield Case. In that case, of course, the results of the election will be conceded to be a national repudiation of the Government's policy of muddling, unscrupulousness and opportunism."

"You mean the voice of North Grey will be the voice of Canada," I said.

"Absolutely," said Miss A.

I considered. "But what if the vote goes to General McNaughton?" I asked.

"That's ridiculous," Miss A. said.

"Still it's a possibility," I pointed out, "and every possibility should be examined. I mean to say if General McNaughton should happen to win would you accept his election as a national endorsation of Mr. King?"

"Certainly not," Miss A. said indignantly. "Why on earth should Canada accept the verdict of a small credulous minority? If you're going to do that sort of thing you might as well move Ottawa to Owen Sound."

"BUT you just said," I began; and Miss A. went on quickly, "Anyway the election of General McNaughton is considered to be completely out of the question by everybody, including Mackenzie King himself. Don't you realize that Mackenzie King picked North Grey in the first place as the one riding where General McNaughton hadn't a chance? Then when the General is defeated Mr. King will call a general election. Naturally he hopes to win it so that he'll be in a position to find a safe seat for General McNaughton."

"It seems an awfully roundabout way of doing it," I said.

"Of course it is," Miss A. agreed. "You always have to remember that the first principle in the King policy is that a roundabout line is the longest distance between two elections."

"But what if Air Marshal Godfrey wins?" I asked after a moment.

"How could Air Marshal Godfrey win?" Miss A. asked impatiently, "when he was simply drawn into the election at the instigation of Mackenzie King. Air Marshal Godfrey has no more chance than a sitting duck in a thunder-storm."

"I don't believe it," I said flatly. "I mean to say, somebody in the C.C.F. party would have been able to look ahead and see what Mackenzie King was up to."

Miss A. shook her head. "It isn't enough to be able to look ahead if you want to see what Mr. King is up to. You've got to be able to look around at least two corners. . . Of course it's perfectly obvious now that Mr. King had to arrange a three-cornered fight in order to complicate things and insure General McNaughton's defeat."

IT WAS certainly very confusing, I admitted, and after a moment I suggested hopefully. "But why didn't Mr. King add to the confusion by getting someone to run a candidate say from the Labor-Progressive Party too?"

"It wasn't necessary," Miss A. said, "It's been established that three candidates in a by-election are enough to constitute a quandary." She settled her scarf and got up. "Oh don't go yet," I said, "You haven't shown me the results of your public opinion polling."

Miss A. hesitated. Then she sat down again, and opening her bag took out a small note-book. "You must understand of course, that what I have here is a cross-section of public opinion in its simplest form," she said. "All I have done is to take down the actual words of the persons interviewed. Of course everything will have to be tabulated and put through a system of checks and balances." She bent frowning over her results, and I asked, "Just how did you put your question?"

"In the simplest possible form," Miss A. said, "I asked, 'In the coming by-election would you be in favor of returning a candidate who represents the Government's present policy of muddling, unscrupulousness and opportunism?" You have to make your question as explicit and straightforward as possible naturally when you are dealing with an uninformed and indifferent public." She indicated her first answer. "Satan to be chained 1000 yrs."

"For instance," she said, "This person turned out to be one of Jehovah's Witnesses who had never heard of the by-election. As a matter of fact he had never heard of Mackenzie King."

"Then you can't possibly put him with the 'No's'," I said.

"I'm not so sure," Miss A. said, "After all he did say that the forces of evil were about to be chained and the hour of deliverance was at hand." She paused, however, and after a moment put a question-mark after the answer of Jehovah's Witness.

"Here's the next answer," she went on, "Conductress on Bay St. Car. Ans.: 'Kindly stop blocking the passage and move to rear'."

"Well what about it?" I asked.

Miss A. hesitated. "I suppose it would be a little far-fetched to interpret that as a statement in favor of Progressive Conservative policy?" she said.

"Better put it down 'No Opinion'," I said.

MISS A. continued down the list. "Now here's a very definite opinion," she said. "Made by a very bright intelligent little woman I interviewed at the fish-counter in the chain store. She said she would never support a government that had no more manliness than to suggest that in a national emergency women should do their share of snow-shovelling alongside the men."

"But the Government never said that," I said.

"I'm not so sure," Miss A. said, stubbornly. "It might easily have come as a disguised directive from a party that has shown its own utter helplessness in dealing with the manpower crisis."

"What about this one?" I asked, pointing to the next entry: "Ans.: 'Listen, Lady, I'm a married man'."

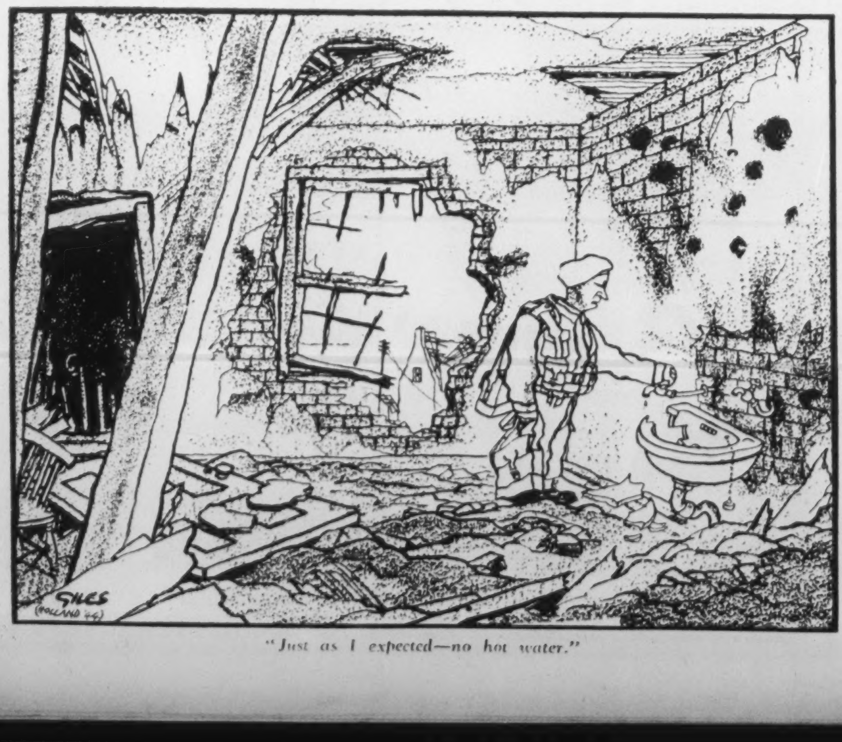
"Oh that," Miss A. said, turning pink. "That was just a misunderstanding and naturally I didn't follow it up. What do you make of the last entry—'Ans.: I always vote for Mackenzie King in the R months'."

"Well, at least it's clearer than the others," I said, and Miss A. agreed. She studied her list for a moment in silence, then turned it upside down to see if she could get a better picture. In the end she returned it to her bag. "As a matter of fact I'm not greatly impressed by the public poll method," she said. "Free samples of public opinion are just like free samples of anything else. I mean they're just like free pickles and glass-ware and cheese-spread. If you get them for nothing they're generally not worth carrying home."

BUS STOP

A PLACE you stand and wait and wait
While humane instincts turn to hate!

MONA GOULD



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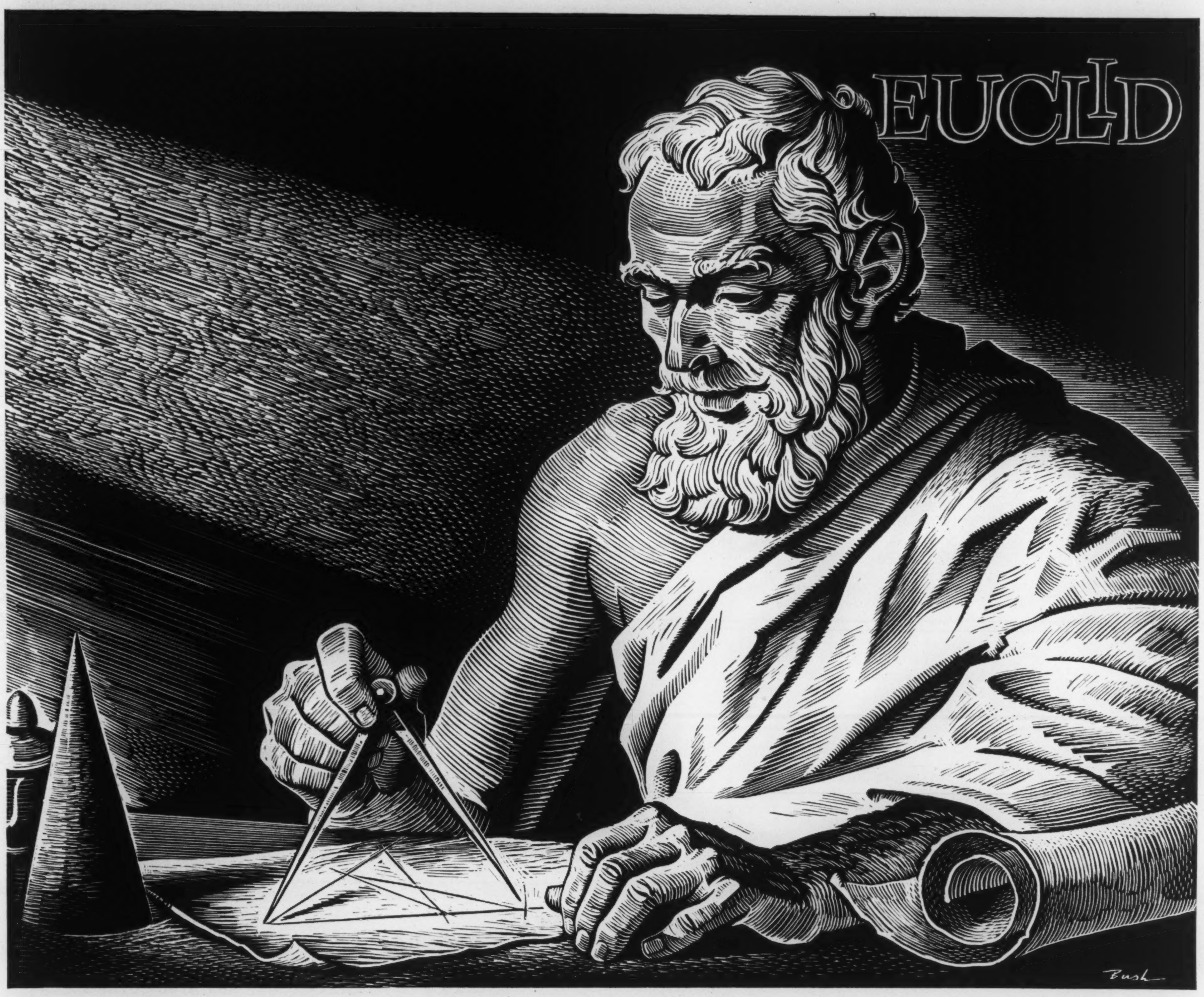

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THE HITLER WAR

Did Germans Anticipate Drive By Deep Retreat In East?

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE new Soviet offensive has been proclaimed by the Germans as the mightiest blow of the war. The Russians proclaimed as loudly, in its early days, their belief that it would roll to Berlin and end the war. I fervently hope that it will. Yet on its consequences, Mr. Churchill said the other day, "the wisest and most far-sighted prophets will reserve their opinion until the results are known."

It does seem that, as I write on the eleventh day, the Soviet press is taking a soberer line. It is calling for a renewed Anglo-American offensive from the west. One reflects at the same time, that only a small number of German prisoners is being claimed; that big cities like Warsaw, Lodz, Czestochowa and Krakow, which offered the possibility of at least many days, if not weeks, of stubborn defence, have been yielded lightly; and perhaps especially that German comment has from the beginning emphasized that the power of this drive was such that serious measures to halt it could only become effective after it had run its course.

It rather looks, therefore, as though the Germans learning from the costly experiences in White Russia and Normandy last summer, left only light forces to hold the Vistula line and withdrew their main forces far back, so that the Soviets have been rushing into a military vacuum. If this is so, then Guderian's plan may be to save his strength to counter-attack and check the offensive when Soviet communications have been severely strained.

Indicate A Plan

Putting this together with the efforts already made to check the Soviet thrust up the Danube valley, and Rundstedt's expensive but successful effort to rob us of the initiative in the west, and it looks as though the German High Command still has a coherent plan. The question is, of course, whether it can make this plan work, and force another long defensive phase, this time along or inside the Reich border east and west; or whether we have the power to overwhelm Germany in the present battle.

The outlook doesn't appear any too hopeful for the quick regrouping of the Anglo-American armies and resumption of a general offensive in the west during the power-peak of the Soviet drive, which would allow us only another three or four weeks.

The very fact that the Red Armies are rushing ahead so fast at present is going to make it all the more difficult for them to exert their full force against the German armies, if the main bulk of these has been successfully withdrawn to the Reich border or the line of the Oder. And already we hear of stiffening German resistance in front of Poznan (spear-point of the biggest Soviet arrow on the map).

This is, admittedly, taking the most cautious view of the situation, and it is risking some of the derision which commentators poured on the *New York Times'* Hanson Baldwin when he stated in last Wednesday's edition that "it may be that the Russians hope before the spring thaws to capture Warsaw and sweep across the Polish plains almost to the Oder." Warsaw was taken the same day.

If the Germans should suddenly collapse one of these days, then all to the good. But I think we should beware, after our disillusionment of the past several months, against building up our hopes too high again. Germany's position, in the long run, is hopeless. She is going to be beaten within a number of months. But she may have the strength and the desperate determination to make just one more stand.

Can We Strike Soon?

Let us consider the prospects of this soberly. She has, as we remarked, upset our plans for a general winter offensive in the west by a shrewd, if costly, blow. The First and Third American Armies are thoroughly pulled out of position, the Ninth has recently been through a gruelling fight, and the Seventh is having a tough time checking the Germans north of Strasbourg.

The First French Army has its hands full containing the Germans in their powerful Colmar bridgehead, on the Alsatian plain. Only the 2nd British and 1st Canadian Armies could be considered ready, or nearly ready, for a full effort. The present 2nd Army drive below Roermond, however, looks like only a preliminary show, involving perhaps a couple of divisions.

The two German panzer armies used in the Ardennes have been successfully extracted from the salient there. And though they may be in a battered condition, German training and tank production seem adequate to refit them fairly rapidly.

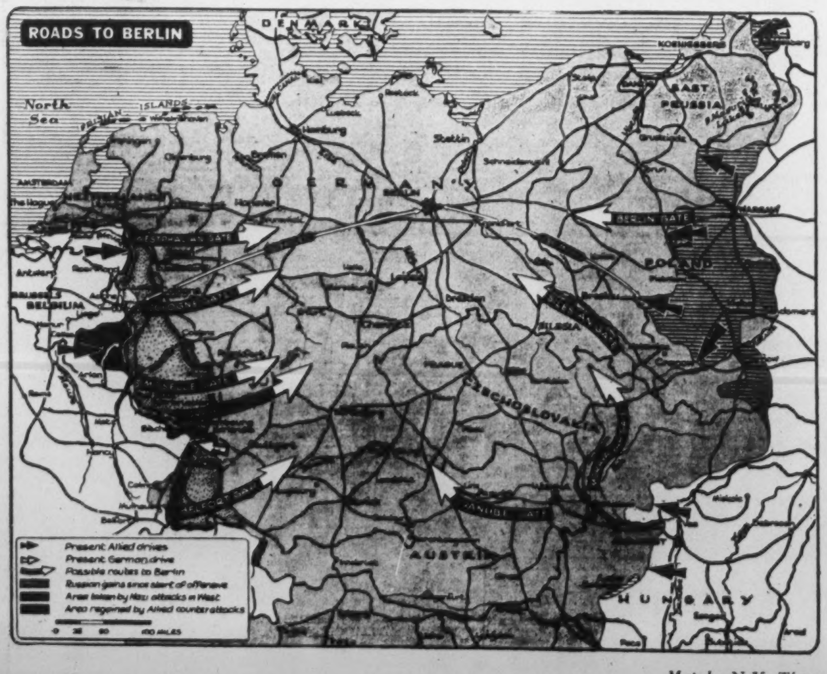
The enemy's tanks themselves, the *Tiger, Panther, Royal Tiger,* and new *Hunting Panther,* are much more powerful than anything we have yet put into the line, although the Americans have a big new tank in production. The *Royal Tiger* is of 72 tons (to the *Sherman's* 34, the *Churchill's* 40), and the *Hunting Panther* is nearly as heavy. They have 34-inch tracks, which operate in mud and snow much better than our narrow-tracked tanks; an improved, higher-velocity 88 mm. gun; and armor so heavy as to be impervious to all but close-range side-shots by our anti-tank guns up to 76 mm., and all but point-blank shots by infantry-carried bazookas or Piats.

In the air the Germans have shown a notable recovery in fighter strength since last summer, though when they have come out in force, as in the early days of the Ardennes battle and in their surprise New Year's Day strike at our forward airfields, they have suffered heavy defeats. Still, if they wish to transfer some of this new strength to the eastern front, they would not be so outclassed there as in the west.

Secondly, we noted that the Germans, by temporarily moving some armored strength from the Krakow area, have been able to put in a hard blow to check the Russian drive beyond Budapest, towards the Moravian gap running up from Bratislava, and towards Vienna; while staging a delaying action within Budapest.

It may be that Malinovsky and Tolbukhin, having been in heavy action for some months, and with their communications stretched an enormous distance through Roumania and across the Carpathians, will be forced to pause soon for recuperation.

If these calculations of the German General Staff are correctly assumed, then it is left with the single main task of dealing with the new Russian drive across Poland. This drive is



Map by N.Y. Times.

DEATHS

McKIBBIN, Lieut. Hugh David—Gordon Highlanders, British Army (on loan from Canadian Army)—Killed in action in Holland, in his 21st year, beloved and only son of Margaret (Somerville) McKibbin and the late Dr. Alan McKibbin and brother of Peggy McKibbin, Oshawa.

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SINCE INCORPORATION IN 1887 the Manufacturers Life has paid a total of $303,689,216 to its policyowners and their beneficiaries.

THE
MANUFACTURERS LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY

already menacing the whole Upper Silesian coal mining and industrial complex, concentrated as it is in a small area on both sides of the German-Polish frontier around Kattowice, with a Czechoslovakian offshoot a few miles away at Moravska Ostrava and Teschen.

That the Soviets have made little direct progress towards this area in the past few days may be explained by strong German defensive measures, or by the fact that Konev is intent first on taking Breslau, great communication centre linking it with Berlin, and cracking the line of the Oder between Breslau and Oppeln.

If the Germans could hold the Upper Silesian industrial cities they could still communicate with them from the Czechoslovak side. But Upper Silesia appears very vulnerable to the full tide of Soviet power issuing from the Vistula bridgehead only 65 miles away.

Further up the Oder, the enemy plan would obviously be to hold the line of that river, with Oppeln and Breslau as anchor points, defended to their destruction, as Aachen was. It seems rather dubious if they will be able to hold this sector for long, however much they hope their troops' resistance will stiffen, fighting on home soil.

Must Crack Sometime

It will be surprising, even assuming that the Germans are able to maintain a coherent defence, and do not collapse, if the Russian drive does not carry beyond Breslau in the south, and Poznan in the centre. But it will on the other hand, be a happy surprise if it does carry beyond, say, Goerlitz and Frankfort-on-Oder. All this, of course, is pure speculation until we see the outcome of the main battle, which may have begun east of Breslau, and has yet to spread northwards, to the neighborhood of Poznan.

It is even more difficult to guess what the German plans or hopes are on the northern wing. Having let Warsaw go (not willing to lose the large garrison which would have been necessary to defend it), they cannot have expected to maintain their position in East Prussia intact.

They have certainly put up a show of strength against Cherniakovsky in the Insterburg area, but rather than try to hold an enclave in East Prussia on the Russian flank—as they have done and are still doing up in the Courland Peninsula—one would expect them to try to hold a line through Elbing and Marienburg and along the lower Vistula to Bydgoszcz (Bromberg), covering Danzig and Gdynia. Even if such a flank position were turned below Bydgoszcz (at the sharp bend in the Vistula), it could be readily supplied by sea from Stettin and other German Baltic ports.

Perhaps I am over-estimating German resistance. I hope so. It must, after all, crack sometime. But with the people held together by the fear of terrible retribution—the very personal fear of sudden death or years in a Siberian labor gang, and the fear of national extinction—and the German leaders threatened as a body by our war criminals proceedings, the only wise assumption is that they will fight to the last gasp.

Good News For China

Meanwhile, the other war which we have been attempting, perhaps over-ambitiously, to wage at the same time, is going extremely well. The swift progress towards Manila, the bold carrier strikes at the China coast, the repulse of the threatening Japanese drive below Chungking, and the reopening of the Burma Road combine to make this New Year the most heartening for China in her long years of resistance.

Japanese opposition on Luzon continues to be exceptionally light, and the astonishment expressed over this by correspondents may be taken to reveal the pleasant surprise of the American commanders. The Japs, it seems, put the best they had into the fight on Leyte, and their heavy losses here (at least 125,000), their severe naval defeat, and the swiftness of the American follow-up on Luzon, have prevented them from reinforcing the latter island in time.

They did make a furious fight against the American convoys, flinging all their available air power and light naval craft against warships and transports, and causing considerable damage. But they made no serious effort to contest the landing in Lingayen Gulf (though a three-day bombardment gave them plenty of warning), or to block the road to Manila. They appear, instead, to have massed their main force in the northern part of the island, handiest to Formosa and the homeland, either for reinforcement or evacuation, and to be confining themselves to harrying the American left flank.

The powerfully-armed American forces, better provided with amphibious equipment than ever before, *ducks, buffalos* and *alligators* (respectively, amphibious trucks, tanks and personnel carriers) which allow them to cross swamps, streams, rice paddies and fish ponds with little hindrance, have already pushed two-thirds of the way to Manila.

Something of what possession of this great harbor will mean to its operations off the China and Indo-China coasts was indicated by the U.S. Navy in its sweep along there last week. Japanese shipping is to be hounded and hammered, and the way prepared for a landing in China.

It may not be realized by some readers that along a broad stretch of the Chinese coast below Hangchow the Japanese control only tiny enclaves about the main ports. The coast between these ports, and a broad stretch of hinterland, is Chinese controlled. Behind that again, there is a Japanese corridor now stretching all the way down through China.

It will be the job of the main Chinese Army to break through this, when the time comes. Already the troops flown down by air transport from the north, where they have long maintained a blockade about the Communist areas controlled from Yenan, have driven the enemy a long way back from where he was closely threatening Kweiyang, on the Burma Road below Chungking. At the same time other Chinese troops have cleared the far end of the Burma Road. Convoys can now go through, and what a welcome they will receive.

British and Indian troops, meanwhile, are making rapid progress towards Mandalay; and with the capture of Akyab a long step has been taken down the coast towards Rangoon. The long and formidable Burma Campaign is reaching the pay-off stage at last.

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Organization of World Society the Enigma

By STANLEY McCONNELL

In this, the fourth article of a series by Mr. McConnell, quotations from current sources indicate a growing convergence of thought and events upon what the writer suggests is the central problem of the century, the organization of world society.

The final pattern is not discernible, he believes, in existing ideological creeds or "isms" but may be found in defining the limits between public and private spheres of action.

The trend to collectivism is held to be a compensatory adjustment to such economic maladies as unemployment, the underlying cause of which has still to be determined.

IN HIS latest work, "The Battle Within", Sir Philip Gibbs voices through one of his characters the twentieth century riddle of collectivism: "Humanity . . . is on the way to the state of the termite ants. The individual will no longer exist with free will and free thought. He will become a soldier ant, or a worker ant, under the control of the State, which will be the nerve centre of the ant-heap and the controlling brain... The individual will lose his individuality. He will be compelled to live, act, work, fight and die at the bidding of the System—the law of the ant-heap. Humanity will lose its soul like the termites of the insect world." Current history gives point to the picture in the acts and mentality of the finished Nazi product.

Ralph Robey, commenting on the significance of the reelection of President Roosevelt (*Newsweek*, Nov. 15) believes that "the trend toward greater and greater government control of our economic system will be continued", basing his prediction on the assertion that those who are responsible for the policy of the Administration are committed to the "mature economy" theory, according to which governments must play a leading role in maintaining purchasing power and production.

Reporting factually from Europe in his article *Eastern Europe Swings Left* (*Saturday Evening Post*, Nov. 11) Edgar Snow finds "a different kind of society" arising in Middle and Eastern Europe: "Industry will be largely state-owned and state-controlled. Capitalism as we have known it in America will not exist here, but there will probably be as much scope for the small businessman as for the worker and the peasant."

He leaves to his readers "the sixty-four-dollar question" as to whether the observed trend in Eastern Europe will lead to outright Communism or Socialism, pointing out that the Marxian terminology of class warfare, including the denunciation of capitalism, is no longer in evidence. In this vast area three hundred miles in width, extending from the Baltic Sea to the Adriatic Sea, the countries "will operate on the principle that respect for and cooperation with the Soviet fatherland are not only the best policy but the central policy of their security." But will Russia seek to establish Communism throughout this broad safety zone? Another sixty-four-dollar question!

Redistribution

Mr. Snow points out that in the area under review "a vast amount of enterprise and land no longer have legitimate claimants." Much of this land is being divided among the peasant tillers, while in Poland large landed estates are designated for the same purpose, in effect a movement toward a more balanced distribution of private property. Query: Should this be interpreted as a rightish or leftish tendency?

"Which Way Will France Go?" asks Demaree Bess, another *Saturday Evening Post* editor, who likens De Gaulle to a circus rider maintaining a delicate balance while seeking to hold his prancing horses, some twenty political groups, in line (*S.E.P.*, Nov. 18). As France has more small property owners than any other European country, he finds that many Frenchmen fear Russia and Communism, while the Communists themselves have become gradualists, demanding only expropriation from war profiteers and collaborators and the nationalization of banking and heavy industry. Most of the French people, he believes, are prepared to play a major role in Europe and the postwar world and are interested in "the revival of French republicanism, strongly nationalistic in spirit and unmistakably capitalistic in content."

It appears that as Europe is the focal point of the world war, she is destined to be the proving ground of peace, where two social philosophies will meet, interpenetrate and react upon each other, one represented by the Soviet Union, the other by the Anglo-Saxon democracies. It would be idle to assume that either the Communists of France and Eastern Europe or those who favor private enterprise will be content to rest on their oars. Here is as complex a political and economic jigsaw puzzle as was ever assembled on the planet, complicated further by the power vacuum of Germany under occupation.

It is at least a distinct gain that the ideological conflict is being waged apart from Marx's economic theories which serve to confuse and divide rather than to reconcile. The old landmarks of Left and Right, the rigid categories of capitalist, bourgeoisie and proletariat, shed no light on the acute problems of the technological age which is now seeking to reconcile its past with its future.

This the Communists themselves appear to have recognized in part. According to Mr. Snow, the European Communists have abandoned "their earlier slogans of the proletarian revolution . . . first to form popular-front and, later on, united-front governments, to include all parties in the resistance to the rise of Fascism"; while a somewhat similar policy of limited objectives by the French Communists is noted by Mr. Bess. In America the same strategic principle seems to have been adopted.

There is perhaps no greater need at the moment than a Baedeker of social science which will enable the individual, who has so much at stake in the decisions taken, to grasp the confusing economic and political geography of our time. Is it true that his rights and liberties are being narrowed to a rigidly prescribed code, that he is being marshalled in converging circles toward a vortex of centralized political power over which he has lost effective control? If so, by what forces and to what ends?

Old Forms Break Down

The old terminology no longer serves as a point of reference. Old forms are breaking down. Mental concepts which have stood the test of time are being challenged and undermined. This ideological climate of impending change is the setting for a unique and far-reaching decision which continues to baffle man's ingenious and scientific mind, but which, as events have already shown, is more and more asserting itself. It is the age-old question of the relation of the individual to the collectivity which the forces of integration

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have cast into the lap of the twentieth century. It involves the future organization of world society.

It is not a choice between two hard and fast alternatives, as between capitalism and some other "ism". Capital is an inescapable fact in all systems which has both its physical and its accounting aspect. It is not necessarily a choice between state capitalism and private capitalism, though in the particular circumstances of the Russian revolution that choice was originally made. To the Anglo-Saxon democracies with their long record of adaptation of social forms to broader ends, the choice is not between unbridled *laissez faire* and a straitjacket economy of codes and directives. It is rather a question of defining and delimiting public and private spheres of action and of devising scientific techniques in both fields. The onus for our economic ills cannot be placed on private enterprise alone. Governments, past and present, through their misguided fiscal, taxation and foreign policies, have largely contributed to the present world situation.

The present trend in the Western democracies toward gradual collectivism is not so much an original movement as an adaptation to what one writer has termed the central economic phenomenon of this century—chronic mass unemployment, and its consequences. To quote the London *Times*, referring to the three-day debate in the British House on employment policy: "On that basic issue, namely, that under modern conditions no reliance can be placed on the working of automatic market forces to ensure full employment and that general unemployment is a disease no longer to be tolerated—there was well-nigh universal agreement."

Economic Unbalance

Chronic mass unemployment is a disease which has not been adequately diagnosed and for which therefore no suitable remedy has been found. Let us say that it is the symptom of an economic unbalance. To use a medical analogy, whenever an unbalance arises in a living organism, as for example, a glandular unbalance in the body, the organism sets up a compensating factor to permit of continued functioning. Compensating factors already set up for unemployment and its attendant ills are unemployment insurance, old age pensions, health insurance, family allowances and greatly expanded social services in general. Others are in preparation in the economic laboratory of future New Deals.

Compensating factors, though used by nature, do not remove the disability or touch the original cause. At the same time they set up a chain of secondary compensations which may impair the functioning of other organs. Nature always strives toward the best working balance under given circumstances. In the quotation above, the London *Times* would strive for it *under modern conditions*. We find economists today writing in terms of the "compensatory economy"; while to those who have adopted this philosophy, it may seem that democracy itself is unsuited to the conditions of our age. Thus expediency replaces principle and in the social realm conditions master men.

In the engineering and scientific world, in the control of disease, the method of compensating for unknown causes was not good enough. Nor will it prove adequate in curing the ills of our social order. Each new compensation will call for a larger measure of state control until all simplicity is lost and the elephantine growth of compensatory tissue outweighs the sound functioning organs. When the individual from choice or necessity looks to the state for support, the state must proceed on the assumption of his immaturity and order his life for him. Thus the compensating factor for gradual collectivism, whether regarded from the standpoint of a deliberate Communist policy or an economic disease, might well be the extinction of private enterprise and the passing of the democratic world.

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A. A. MacLeod: the Red in Mr. Drew's House

By D. P. O'HEARN

One of the chief antagonists of Premier Drew in the Ontario Legislature and a man who Mr. Hepburn says has "the best mind at Queen's Park" is A. A. MacLeod, house leader of the Labor Progressive Party.

Mr. MacLeod is a Cape Bretoner who first learned about Marxism as a Y.M.C.A. secretary and at the age of 43 has already had a career which has taken him into many international spheres.

IT WOULD seem that a medal of some sort is due Mr. A. A. MacLeod, member of the Ontario Legislature for Toronto Bellwoods. Mr. MacLeod, a Labor-Progressive, has had to serve eighteen months as house leader of his party, recently delivered by Buck out of Communism, in a legislature dominated by Premier Drew whose sentiments towards anything Red or Russian are as caustic as anyone's in Canada. Frequent, increasingly so of late, and mighty blasts, have been directed at Mr. MacLeod and what he represents but he, with the support of only one other member and the backing of his comparatively minor party, has been able to take them quite in stride, and unperturbed, and has carried on just as though he were a normal leader of a normal opposition, with rights equal to Premier Drew to sit in a legislature and take a hand in the government of the Province, which of course he has. This, as all who are acquainted with Mr. Drew when he is seeing Red know, is political valor of high order.

In standing up to Mr. Drew Mr. MacLeod has, we think, performed the political feat of the year in Ontario. Particularly so because he has since the election, in what was a natural, and bound to be bitter, personal duel between himself and the Premier, given back probably a little better than he received. In a feud which apparently aimed at political murder Mr. MacLeod has not, from any indication, given any ground. In recent weeks particularly, Mr. Drew has apparently almost forgotten about the Liberal and C.C.F. opposition and has concentrated almost entirely on the Labor-Progressives and Mr. MacLeod. With practically every public appearance the Premier has added new condemnation.

A. A. MacLeod

MacLeod's Gains

On his part, Mr. MacLeod has scored a few obvious successes. Last summer an aggressive anti-Drew campaign started in the ranks of labor. The campaign has been steadily waged ever since. Mr. Drew never was particularly strong with labor but this campaign has changed much of its opposition to him from passive to active. The gist of the campaign has been "Drew Must Go". Strong sections of labor are now thinking vigorously in these terms. That campaign was directly organized and promoted by Mr. MacLeod's party and he naturally had a large hand in it.

In September former Premier Hepburn returned to the Liberal fold, thereby ensuring that Mr. Drew would no longer enjoy the pleasure of a spiritless opposition. It is taken for granted that Mr. MacLeod gets a share of the credit for Mr. Hepburn's return. A bench-mate of the former Premier during the last session, it is conceded that his eloquence helped convince Mr. Hepburn he was politically sinning by not returning to his old role and helping to deflate the egotistical Mr. Drew.

Again, in the past few weeks two members have separated from the C.C.F. Indirectly, at least, Mr. MacLeod here too has played a part. The members separated over differences between the C.C.F. and the Labor-Progressives. The major difference is on disagreement on coalition to defeat the government. Mr. MacLeod has been pressing for that coalition, and indirectly pressing for a more firm anti-Drew policy on the part of the C.C.F., ever since the early days of the present legislature. The departure of the two members is a setback to the C.C.F., but it is also calculated to give little comfort to Mr. Drew for it indicates a strengthening in that section of labor which thinks that its first political aim today should be to get rid of his government. Mr. MacLeod, meanwhile, will be able to call on two more supporters this session.

The man who has brought these things off obviously is no political novice.

Small But Important

It is not common practice to look on the Labor-Progressive Party as of major importance. They have only half a dozen seats across Canada and the support of a comparatively small section of the electorate. As those who have watched them most closely know, however, they have a political importance beyond their apparent strength, and this importance is directly due to their exceptionally able organization and leadership. Mr. MacLeod is a good example of that leadership.

Last year in the new Ontario house very few knew quite what to expect from the Labor-Progressives, and certainly very few expected what they got. Curiosity was equally divided between the brand-new C.C.F. and the L.P.P.'s, and it was expected that the C.C.F., who were better known, would probably prove a little awkward and the L.P.P. might prove to be practically anything. The C.C.F. proved awkward all right but the L.P.P. proved surprising.

As leader Mr. MacLeod made his initial bow on the opening day of the session. Mr. Jolliffe had already made his bow, and not too gracefully. In a manner which lacked assurance and left the impression that he had a chip on his shoulder he had taken objection to the traditional procedure in appointing the Speaker. Following him Mr. Nixon had risen to disassociate himself from the objection, with emphasis. When Mr. MacLeod rose following him the house was therefore both curious and tense.

You could see the apprehension on the faces of the members and the spectators in the gallery. Many were expecting a diatribe. Others who probably had read too many Toronto *Telegrams* were, it seemed sure, expecting a bomb, at least a verbal one. They got nothing of the kind.

Quiet, Assured

What they saw when Mr. MacLeod arose was a quite normal-appearing man, lean, of good height, dressed in a quiet business suit, wearing a shirt (white) and a tie (subdued), with abundant hair carefully and smoothly combed, amiably at ease and looking to all appearances like a more successful high-school principal or moderately prosperous lawyer. What they heard was a very few calm words, given in a pleasing, assured voice with a slight Scotch accent, which disassociated the speaker and his party from Mr. Joliffe's remarks with neat grace. Even Mr. Drew who had registered his very, very annoyed look when Mr. MacLeod rose was amiable before he sat down.

In the days that followed the members realized that in the L.P.P. they had to contend with neither awkward tyros nor bombastic zealots but talented and assured legislators who were exceptionally well informed on all matters coming up for discussion and without any apparent emblem to convince the house it should try and reform the world overnight. Mr. MacLeod and his partner, J. B. Salsberg, member for Toronto St. Andrew, between them saw that their party's view was registered on practically every major matter before the house and on the average their presentations were as able as those of any party.

How able were those of Mr. MacLeod may be gathered from a tribute which Mr. Hepburn paid the Labor-Progressive leader some months after the session was over. Speaking to the press he said that "Mr. MacLeod had the finest mind in the Leg-

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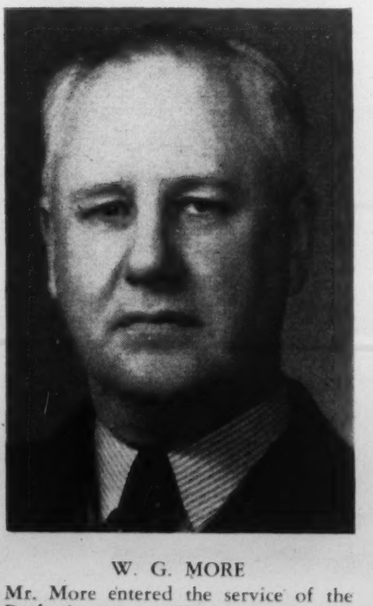

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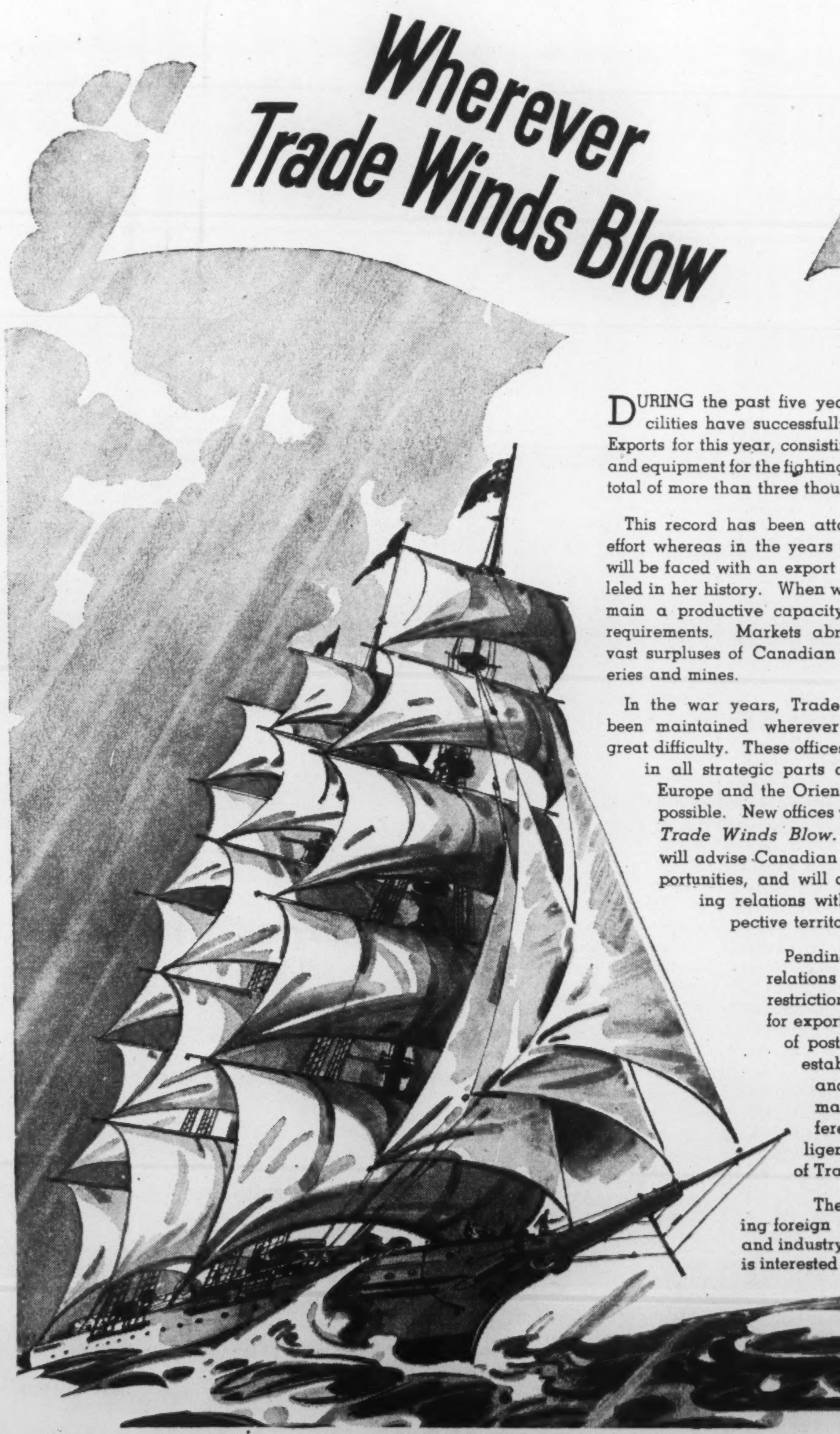

DURING the past five years Canada's productive facilities have successfully met the challenge of war. Exports for this year, consisting largely of arms, munitions and equipment for the fighting forces, will reach the record total of more than three thousand million dollars.

This record has been attained with little competitive effort whereas in the years immediately ahead Canada will be faced with an export marketing problem unparalleled in her history. When war orders cease there will remain a productive capacity far in excess of domestic requirements. Markets abroad must be found for the vast surpluses of Canadian factories, farms, forests, fisheries and mines.

In the war years, Trade Commissioner offices have been maintained wherever feasible—sometimes under great difficulty. These offices before the war were located in all strategic parts of the globe. The offices in Europe and the Orient will be reopened as soon as possible. New offices will be established *Wherever Trade Winds Blow*. The Trade Commissioners will advise Canadian exporters regarding sales opportunities, and will aid in promoting sound trading relations with the countries in their respective territories.

Pending clarification of international relations and the removal of wartime restrictions, the time is now opportune for exporters to explore the possibilities of post-war markets, to form or reestablish their connections abroad, and to ascertain how they may make full use of the facilities offered by the Commercial Intelligence Service of the Department of Trade and Commerce.

The vital problem of reconstructing foreign trade is one for government and industry alike, and for everyone who is interested in the future of Canada.

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islature". There probably would be very few others who would go to that length, but there would be equally few who would not agree that the Labor-Progressive leader is one of the very few able parliamentarians and political strategists at Queen's Park.

How does it happen that such ability is found in such unlikely quarters? It is an interesting story, but before telling it it might be as well to note that the quarters really aren't at all unlikely. The Labor-Progressives have a lot of able men.

Very few, if any, of them probably knew it but when the members in the house last year heard Mr. MacLeod on opening day they were listening to, with the possible exception of Mr. Drew and Mr. Hepburn, probably the most experienced public speaker in their midst. For the past twenty odd years the voice with the slight Scotch accent that they were listening to had been heard by audiences in all parts of Canada, in New York, Chicago and other parts of the United States and in several countries in Europe. On several occasions ten thousand people and more had heard it in Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto. Similarly large audiences had heard it in Chicago and New York, in Antwerp and London, England, in Paris and other places.

Makings of Good Tory

The owner of the voice at one time had had the makings of a good Tory. Born in Cape Breton Island, that beautiful but economically undernourished little piece of land down at the eastern end of Canada, he had lived what you might term a normal "middle-class" boyhood, the son of a clergyman, who in turn was the son of a Cape Breton clergyman, which culminated before the last war when in company with Henry Borden and other more solid little citizens he attended King's Collegiate School, which is the nearest thing to an English public school in Nova Scotia, and there studied under "Pa Buckle", who earlier had introduced young Winston Churchill to Latin, and other masters.

Came the war and then a young veteran needing work and whatever good Tory ideals that had been planted began to be lost. The work that ensued was a secretarial job in the Y.M.C.A. in Halifax and through a quirk of fate in this strange environment MacLeod heard something of the word of Marx, enough to whet his curiosity. From Halifax the Y.M.C.A. work led to other towns in Nova Scotia and eventually to Chicago, with study of the works of Marx and other liberals accompanying him all the way. In Chicago there was a parting of the ways with the Y.M.C.A. which eventually led to the managing-editorship of *The World Tomorrow*, a liberal monthly published in New York. This connection lasted until 1933 when with the rise of Hitler MacLeod became inflamed with the danger of fascism and the publishers of his paper being unable to see the threat, and in fact tending towards pacifism, he resigned.

From then he centred his energy on fighting fascism. Returning to Canada he went to Toronto and organized the League for Peace and Democracy. There followed a country-wide tour speaking on the dangers of fascism. He then led a Canadian delegation to the Collective Security Congress in Brussels, presided over by Lord Robert Cecil, and following it went to Spain where the civil war was getting underway. He came back to Canada to help in establishing the Canadian Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, the committee which was instrumental in getting Dr. Norman Bethune to Spain, and to do other work in raising Canadian help for the cause in Spain. He was responsible for bringing several outstanding speakers to Toronto during this period, among them Hon. William E. Dodd, the former United States Ambassador to Germany, the Duchess of Atholl, and Thomas Mann, and they spoke to capacity audiences under his chairmanship. He also made two other visits to Spain, the last time to arrange for the safe removal of the Canadian members of the International Brigade.

Between 1936 and 1939, in all he made six trips to Europe in aid of the Spanish cause, Chinese relief and collective security. On the eve of Munich he presided at a meeting of 10,000 people in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow. In London in 1937 he attended a world congress to aid the Chinese people, and back in Canada he was the moving spirit in a campaign which resulted in six ambulances going to China and brought to him the official thanks of Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. In Canada he also concerned himself with civil liberties and together with the late R. L. Calder and others joined in the fight against the Padlock Law in Quebec.

With the war he founded the *Canadian Tribune*. He devoted it to the working people espousing the causes of labor, and he himself began to take an active hand in labor organization and promotion, appearing before Legislative Committees and other bodies to present its case. When the Labor-Progressive Party was formed he entered its ranks.

This is quite a career for a young boy from Cape Breton and it is still in its early stages. MacLeod today is only 43.

How to Dissolve The League of Nations?

By JOHN HUGHES

The League of Nations which Dumbarton Oaks puts in the discard costs over $400,000 a year to maintain. But Foreign Offices have a problem. They don't know how to wind it up.

HOW do you lay a ghost? The Canadian Government and other governments concerned would like to know. They are anxious to find some way of disposing of an embarrassed and embarrassing phantom with dignity—but with despatch.

The ghost is that of the League of Nations, which, believe it or not, still exists. Indeed, Canada, the United Kingdom and the countries of the British Empire have been paying—all these war years—more than half of the $400,000 odd that it still costs to maintain the League.

The necessity for laying the ghost has arisen with the Dumbarton Oaks proposals. The setting up of a Council of the Big Five—Britain, Russia, the United States, France and China—and the other proposals for the resettlement of the world and the safeguarding of world peace cut across, and indeed cut out, the activities of the League.

Of the new Big Five, Russia was expelled from the League, the United States never joined, China played a minor role and France used it for her own diplomatic ends. Only the British played an active part up to the day when the League was put in cold storage.

Unfortunately a large number of nations have a contractual responsibility for the continuation of the League.

In its heyday the aim of the League was always to "find a formula" to get over some international unpleasantness. Now the aim of the British and the other member States is to find a formula to dispose of the League without unpleasantness.

To Be Preserved

There are certain functional departments of the League which have done such good work that the planners of the new world organization would like to incorporate them in the new body. One is the important Vital Statistics Department. This has been quietly carrying on at Geneva in a corner of the vast Palace of the League of Nations where Mr. Sean Lester, the Irish Secretary-General, who succeeded M. Avenol, has presided over the ghostly remnants of the League's activities.

Other valuable sections to preserve are the Opium Commission and the Health Section. These have migrated to Washington. The Economic and Finance Section has been at Princeton. There also is the International Labor Office at Montreal.

Exorcism Task

Before the League can be wound up there are plenty of headaches for the liquidators.

What is to be done with that vast building, for example, where statesmen and internationalists gathered so happily for pleasant reunions and with still pleasanter expenses sheets? What has happened to that busy, gossiping, intriguing throng?

Alas! Whichever road they take—high or low—there is very little chance of their meeting again by the bonny, bonny banks of Lac Leman.

Meanwhile some of the best brains in various Foreign Offices are being devoted to the task of exorcising this uneasy ghost.

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I thank you for final cheque, which arrived yesterday. I want you to know how much both my late husband and myself appreciated your promptness in sending his sick benefit cheques.

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If ever opportunity arises for me to say a good word for the Continental Casualty Company, be sure I will not fail to do so, and if this letter will help in any way you have my grateful permission to use it as you wish.

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THE CONSUMERS' GAS COMPANY

THE LONDON LETTER

Walkers After Dark in London No Longer Flirt With Death

By P. O'D.

ONE of the compensations for years of discomfort under war-restrictions is the immense relief that comes when they suddenly are lifted. Take this matter of the "dim-out", for instance, in place of the "black-out". Not such a very great concession perhaps as a mere measure of permitted light, but only those who have for years stumbled along in completely darkened streets can appreciate the cheerfulness of lighted windows, even though the light must still be veiled by curtains. You no longer have the feeling that the only people alive in the city are those that you crash into in the gloom.

Now comes the further boon that car and bicycle lamps may be unmasked. Nor is this a boon only for the motorist and the cyclist. The pedestrian now has the comforting assurance that he can see the motorist a long way off, and the further assurance that the motorist can also see him much better—presuming, of course, that the motorist is looking at the road and not at the girl on the seat beside him.

For years people generally, including a good many motorists, used to complain about the glare of headlamps. But five years of war-time lighting have made it obvious that too little light can be even worse than too much. The metal hoods that motorists were obliged to put over their car lamps, with the light coming out through a series of narrow slits, made night-driving such a strain that most motorists gave up driving at all after dark, if they could possibly avoid it. But night-walking remained as perilous as ever. The only safe thing was to stay at home by your fireside—if you were so fortunate as to have a fire.

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The State and Private Lives

We live in an age of State-paternalism—or should it be maternalism or elderly-auntism? The good, kind State looks after us while we work, and also while we are too young or too old or too ill to do it. From the cradle to the grave it is hovering anxiously about us. But so far our leisure, such as it is, has been our own to spend as we please. Now the State is busy planning what we shall do with that, too. Officious old dear!

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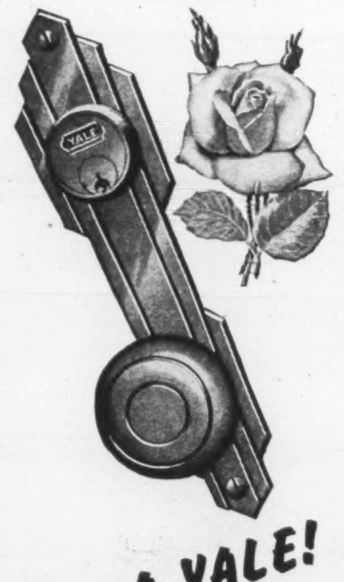
A thing of beauty and joy



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THE WEEK IN RADIO

Next Meeting of C.B.C. Board of Governors Will Be a Lively One

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

IT SURPRISES me that the January 5 barrage of a leading editorial in the Winnipeg *Free Press* against the entrenched position of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has provided so little public discussion.

The editorial is all the more significant when you realize that normally the *Free Press* backs the present Liberal administration and always supports public ownership. But now, taking its cue from a sharp arraignment of the B.B.C. by the London *Economist*, the *Free Press* really goes to town on the C.B.C., and no cries of "Uncle" have yet been heard from Dr. Frigon.

This editorial of the *Free Press* isn't the only worry of the C.B.C. at the moment. Members of the National Religious Advisory Council, representing the leading religious groups of Canada, are on the doorstep of the C.B.C., with fire in their eyes. Slow to anger, the N.R.A.C. has come to the realization in late months that religious broadcasting in Canada is gently being given the "brush-off", and that commercial broadcasting on the Lord's Day is squeezing out religious programs. A delegation of the Advisory Council is to appear before the C.B.C. Board of Governors next week, and some plain words will likely be spoken from both sides.

But before we get too involved with the religious broadcasting issue, let's go back to the Winnipeg *Free Press* editorial on monopolistic control of radio in Canada.

Starting out with a little history of the broadcasting situation in Canada, recalling that the Bennett radio commission was discarded "because of the direct and flagrant interference of the dominant political party in management and programs", the *Free Press* describes how in 1936 "an independent corporation was attempted. For the first three years the results were good, but since the fall of 1939 this system has increasingly shown grave defects".

Now what are these defects? Specifically, the *Free Press* says: "The C.B.C. has shown an incapacity to resist pressure groups. . . The management of the C.B.C. began to deteriorate in 1939 and the process was allowed to continue for several years. . . The Board of Governors not only failed to halt the rot, but half-hearted and ill-considered changes were made by the Board, which aggravated the problem. . . Neither the Board with its full-time chairman, nor the management under Dr. Frigon, meets ordinary standards of efficiency."

C.B.C. a Monopoly

Then the *Free Press* comes right out with it: "It is reasonably clear that considerations other than efficiency in broadcasting have been decisive in bringing the C.B.C. to its present form", it says.

The Winnipeg paper then charges that the inherent weakness is in monopoly, whether private or publicly owned. "Under competitive conditions, the C.B.C. would either have to pull up its socks or lose its listeners to more enterprising and efficient broadcasters", it declares. As it is now, the C.B.C. "fixes the pattern" and the listeners can either "like it or lump it". "The C.B.C. controls directly and in minute detail, every broadcasting outlet in the country".

In practice, the editorial asserts, the C.B.C. tolerates no rival. Private stations are under the most rigid control. "It (the C.B.C.) is a monopoly, and all that is generally true of monopolies which have no competition, the eagerness to avoid trouble, the quick response under the prodding of some group or other which has power to stir up criticism, indifference to the wishes of its customers . . . all this is true of the C.B.C.".

Then, believe it or not, the *Free Press* comes right out flat-footed for the very thing that Glen Bannerman, Harry and Joe Sedgwick and the directors of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters have been struggling for, i.e., an independent and purely regulatory body such as the Transport Commission, which would open the way for a degree of competition between the C.B.C. and privately-owned stations.

It should be noted right here that the present difficulties which the C.B.C. now finds itself in arise in the main from the departure of the Corporation from the original intention to keep out of commercial broadcasting. I doubt very much if the Toronto *Star*, for one, would have given such generous support to the C.B.C. in its formative days had Publisher J. E. Atkinson known that in the year 1945 the C.B.C. would be making strenuous bids for commercial programs, and would add the Dominion network to the Trans-Canada network to make room for more commercial programs.

Owners of private radio stations in Canada have expressed the view that C.B.C. "pressure" on their operations has increased in recent months. They point out that just before Christmas private stations affiliated with the C.B.C. network were "asked" to cancel their commercial shows on Christmas Day to make room for special Christmas features arranged by the C.B.C. Now the commercial sponsors had also arranged special Christmas features on their programs, and the private station owners felt that the public should retain the right to determine which program they would listen to.

Church Broadcast Issue

The situation has roused the ire of the *United Church Observer*, whose editor wants to know "Is the National Religious Advisory Council cooperating with the C.B.C. to sell the Lord's Day down the river?" Has the Council, the *Observer* asks, adopted an appeasement policy, playing into the hands of those "who, consciously or unconsciously, are following the technique of Hitler and Goebbels?" (The Nazis ordered all religious broadcasting off the air when they came into power.)

The battle between the N.A.R.C. and the C.B.C. had been warming up for some months, but broke out in its real fury when the chairman of the N.A.R.C., the Rev. Canon J. E. Ward of St. Stephen's Church, Toronto, was threatened with losing his broadcast on CFRB because Kate Smith's seven o'clock broadcast was coming into Canada.

Now the conflict between the Canon and the songbird who sings about the moon coming over the mountain isn't really between St. Stephen's and C.F.R.B. It's between the C.B.C. and the National Religious Advisory Council. The sponsor of the Kate Smith show is General Foods Ltd., perhaps the largest spender of radio advertising money in the world. Many of their customers are in Canada. The only networks in Canada are owned by the C.B.C., but in Toronto the local outlet for Columbia Broadcasting System which carries the Kate Smith show is CFRB, and if this broadcast comes into Canada, CFRB, in Toronto, will have to be used. The C.B.C. has power to determine whether or not Kate Smith or any other program is broadcast over the Canadian network, but in the final analysis, the people of Canada, a great number of whom are represented in the N.A.R.C., have the last word.

To CFRB's credit that station offered Canon Ward several alternatives to prevent his service from disappearing from the air altogether. They went so far as to offer him a free half hour right after the Charlie McCarthy broadcast. They would transcribe part of his church service, and help Canon Ward to build up an even larger audience than he now has. But the Canon said No. He said that people wanted to feel that they were taking part in the evensong of St. Stephen's, not listening to a record of it.

In the meantime, while Canon Ward was being told he had to leave the air and Rev. W. A. Cameron, of Yorkminster Baptist Church was offered four broadcasts on CFRB during January (which he turned down), the National Religious Advisory Council had not been idle. Some of the key men in the Council telephoned Dr. Frigon, general manager of the C.B.C., and asked him what goes on here? The church people of Canada were getting a little tired of being pushed around, they told Dr. Frigon. The general manager was all politeness. There would be no decision about the Kate Smith show until the N.R.A.C. deputation met with the C.B.C. Board of Governors on Jan. 29.

It's very likely that the Jan. 29 meeting of the Board of Governors will be a lively one.

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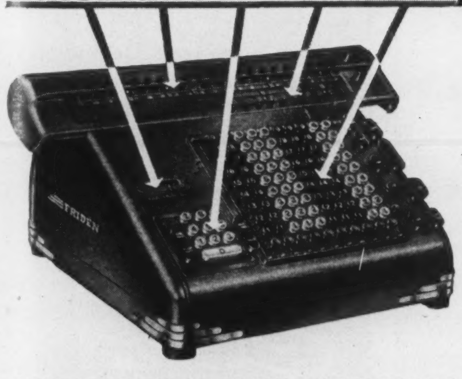

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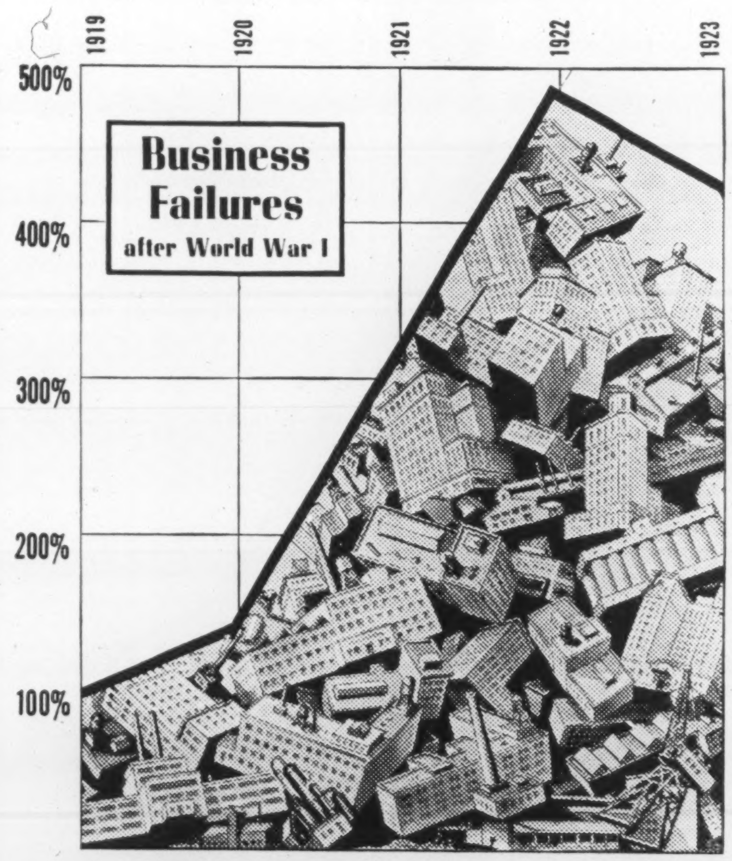

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THE LONDON LETTER

Walkers After Dark in London No Longer Flirt With Death

By P. O'D.

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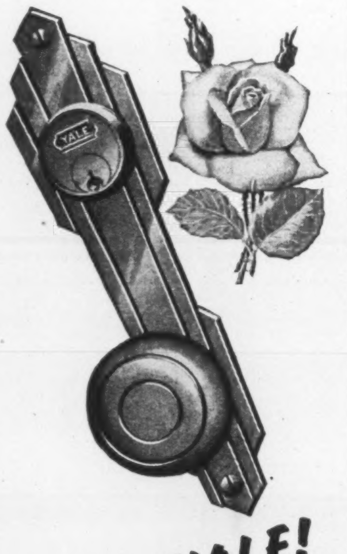

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THE WEEK IN RADIO

Next Meeting of C.B.C. Board of Governors Will Be a Lively One

By FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

IT SURPRISES me that the January 5 barrage of a leading editorial in the Winnipeg *Free Press* against the entrenched position of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has provided so little public discussion.

The editorial is all the more significant when you realize that normally the *Free Press* backs the present Liberal administration and always supports public ownership. But now, taking its cue from a sharp arraignment of the B.B.C. by the London *Economist*, the *Free Press* really goes to town on the C.B.C., and no cries of "Uncle" have yet been heard from Dr. Frigon.

This editorial of the *Free Press* isn't the only worry of the C.B.C. at the moment. Members of the National Religious Advisory Council, representing the leading religious groups of Canada, are on the doorstep of the C.B.C., with fire in their eyes. Slow to anger, the N.R.A.C. has come to the realization in late months that religious broadcasting in Canada is gently being given the "brush-off", and that commercial broadcasting on the Lord's Day is squeezing out religious programs. A delegation of the Advisory Council is to appear before the C.B.C. Board of Governors next week, and some plain words will likely be spoken from both sides.

But before we get too involved with the religious broadcasting issue, let's go back to the Winnipeg *Free Press* editorial on monopolistic control of radio in Canada.

Starting out with a little history of the broadcasting situation in Canada, recalling that the Bennett radio commission was discarded "because of the direct and flagrant interference of the dominant political party in management and programs", the *Free Press* describes how in 1936 "an independent corporation was attempted. For the first three years the results were good, but since the fall of 1939 this system has increasingly shown grave defects".

Now what are these defects? Specifically, the *Free Press* says: "The C.B.C. has shown an incapacity to resist pressure groups. . . The management of the C.B.C. began to deteriorate in 1939 and the process was allowed to continue for several years. . . The Board of Governors not only failed to halt the rot, but half-hearted and ill-considered changes were made by the Board, which aggravated the problem. . . Neither the Board with its full-time chairman, nor the management under Dr. Frigon, meets ordinary standards of efficiency."

C.B.C. a Monopoly

Then the *Free Press* comes right out with it: "It is reasonably clear that considerations other than efficiency in broadcasting have been decisive in bringing the C.B.C. to its present form", it says.

The Winnipeg paper then charges that the inherent weakness is in monopoly, whether private or publicly owned. "Under competitive conditions, the C.B.C. would either have to pull up its socks or lose its listeners to more enterprising and efficient broadcasters", it declares. As it is now, the C.B.C. "fixes the pattern" and the listeners can either "like it or lump it". "The C.B.C. controls directly and in minute detail, every broadcasting outlet in the country".

In practice, the editorial asserts, the C.B.C. tolerates no rival. Private stations are under the most rigid control. "It (the C.B.C.) is a monopoly, and all that is generally true of monopolies which have no competition, the eagerness to avoid trouble, the quick response under the prodding of some group or other which has power to stir up criticism, indifference to the wishes of its customers . . . all this is true of the C.B.C.".

Then, believe it or not, the *Free Press* comes right out flat-footed for the very thing that Glen Bannerman, Harry and Joe Sedgwick and the directors of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters have been struggling for, i.e., an independent and purely regulatory body such as the Transport Commission, which would open the way for a degree of competition between the C.B.C. and privately-owned stations.

It should be noted right here that the present difficulties which the C.B.C. now finds itself in arise in the main from the departure of the Corporation from the original intention to keep out of commercial broadcasting. I doubt very much if the Toronto *Star*, for one, would have given such generous support to the C.B.C. in its formative days had Publisher J. E. Atkinson known that in the year 1945 the C.B.C. would be making strenuous bids for commercial programs, and would add the Dominion network to the Trans-Canada network to make room for more commercial programs.

Owners of private radio stations in Canada have expressed the view that C.B.C. "pressure" on their operations has increased in recent months. They point out that just before Christmas private stations affiliated with the C.B.C. network were "asked" to cancel their commercial shows on Christmas Day to make room for special Christmas features arranged by the C.B.C. Now the commercial sponsors had also arranged special Christmas features on their programs, and the private station owners felt that the public should retain the right to determine which program they would listen to.

Church Broadcast Issue

The situation has roused the ire of the *United Church Observer*, whose editor wants to know "Is the National Religious Advisory Council cooperating with the C.B.C. to sell the Lord's Day down the river?" Has the Council, the *Observer* asks, adopted an appeasement policy, playing into the hands of those "who, consciously or unconsciously, are following the technique of Hitler and Goebbels?" (The Nazis ordered all religious broadcasting off the air when they came into power.)

The battle between the N.A.R.C. and the C.B.C. had been warming up for some months, but broke out in its real fury when the chairman of the N.A.R.C., the Rev. Canon J. E. Ward of St. Stephen's Church, Toronto, was threatened with losing his broadcast on CFRB because Kate Smith's seven o'clock broadcast was coming into Canada.

Now the conflict between the Canon and the songbird who sings about the moon coming over the mountain isn't really between St. Stephen's and C.F.R.B. It's between the C.B.C. and the National Religious Advisory Council. The sponsor of the Kate Smith show is General Foods Ltd., perhaps the largest spender of radio advertising money in the world. Many of their customers are in Canada. The only networks in Canada are owned by the C.B.C., but in Toronto the local outlet for Columbia Broadcasting System which carries the Kate Smith show is CFRB, and if this broadcast comes into Canada, CFRB, in Toronto, will have to be used. The C.B.C. has power to determine whether or not Kate Smith or any other program is broadcast over the Canadian network, but in the final analysis, the people of Canada, a great number of whom are represented in the N.A.R.C., have the last word.

To CFRB's credit that station offered Canon Ward several alternatives to prevent his service from disappearing from the air altogether. They went so far as to offer him a free half hour right after the Charlie McCarthy broadcast. They would transcribe part of his church service, and help Canon Ward to build up an even larger audience than he now has. But the Canon said No. He said that people wanted to feel that they were taking part in the evensong of St. Stephen's, not listening to a record of it.

In the meantime, while Canon Ward was being told he had to leave the air and Rev. W. A. Cameron, of Yorkminster Baptist Church was offered four broadcasts on CFRB during January (which he turned down), the National Religious Advisory Council had not been idle. Some of the key men in the Council telephoned Dr. Frigon, general manager of the C.B.C., and asked him what goes on here? The church people of Canada were getting a little tired of being pushed around, they told Dr. Frigon. The general manager was all politeness. There would be no decision about the Kate Smith show until the N.R.A.C. deputation met with the C.B.C. Board of Governors on Jan. 29.

It's very likely that the Jan. 29 meeting of the Board of Governors will be a lively one.

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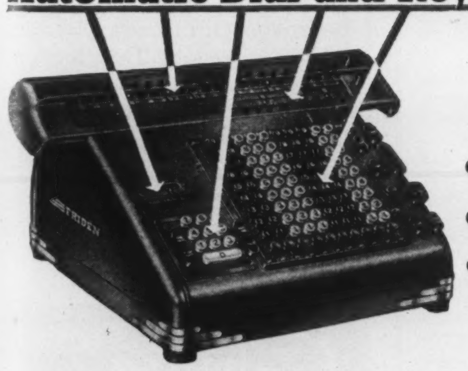

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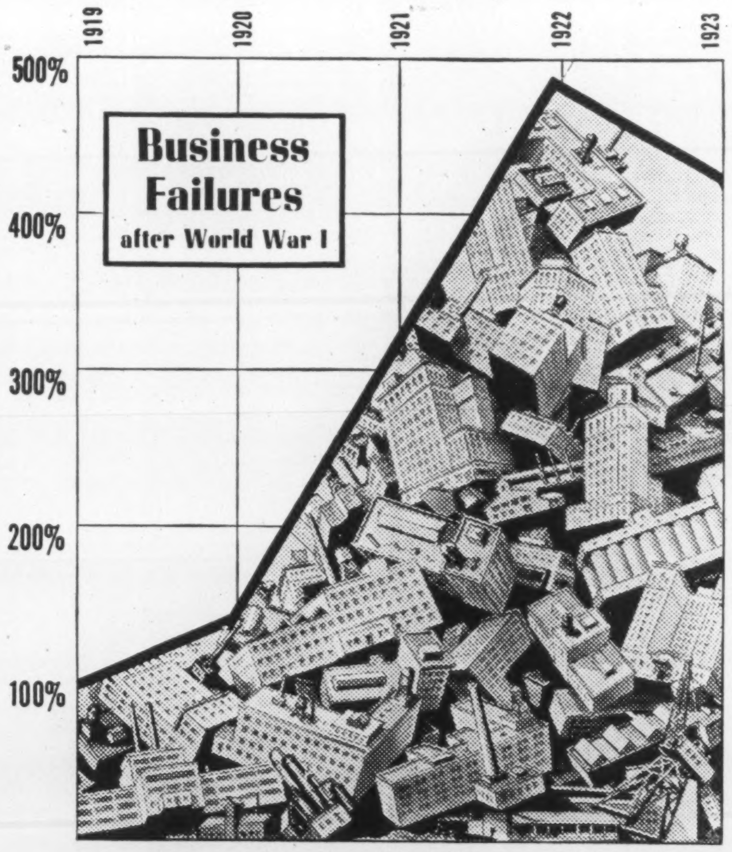

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THE BOOKSHELF

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A Popular Novelist Dips Into The Mystery of Mysteries

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH, by Franz Werfel. (Philosophical Library, New York, $3.00 American.)

LIKE a good many men of his generation Franz Werfel came out of adolescence skeptical of most established ideas; particularly of those relating to man's moral responsibility. For him this was the only world and the concept of extra-sensory perception had no validity. But in his progress as a student and a writer he discovered uneasily that cynicism and sophistication came to a dead end. There were facts which even he observed tending to justify the mystics.

The rise of the Nazi nihilism quickened his search for the unsearchable and at last he came to the opinion that he must speak out. He did so in three lectures, delivered before German literary and student clubs. These bore the titles Realism and Inwardness, Can we Live Without Faith in God and Of Man's True Happiness. This last lecture set the students of Insterburg booing, cat-calling and shouting "This is a Jewish-Communist trick!" The lecturer under "the derisive protection of the police" left the hall.

Soon he found that he must leave Germany. He got out by the skin of his teeth just before Hitler and his storm troopers were ready to pounce. Safe in America he continued his studies and at last wrote "The Song of Bernadette," the story of Lourdes and its healing spring.

Here the text of the early lectures mentioned is printed, together with a collection of arguments and aphorisms touching the inner life which he calls "Theologomena, a Primer for Agnostics". It is a record of progressing to the life of faith by the hard way. To theologians and others nurtured in the Church it may seem indeed a primer, but others will find it novel and most interesting. The English translation, admirable in style, is by Maxim Newmark.

Poetry Well-Dressed

By B. K. SANDWELL

PSALMS INTIMATE AND FAMILIAR, with an Introduction by Lawrence M. Lande. (Privately printed, $2.00.)

IF THE reader of this notice has ever had any doubt that the typographical form in which a literary work is presented influences its effect upon the reader, this volume should remove it. Most of us are accustomed to doing our reading of the Psalms in a small, portable and probably cheap volume of the Bible or the Book of Common Prayer. They are here presented in a photographic reproduction of a very beautiful uncial script hand-written by Mr. Frank Wise, who has devoted much time in recent years to hand-tooled bookbinding and to illumination. Moreover the chosen Psalms are arranged not in the ordinary verses of the King James version but as poetry in the manner of the Modern Reader's Bible. We believe that most readers will find the poetic as well as the devotional impression much enriched thereby.

The idea of the volume, and the selection of the Psalms, came from Mr. Lawrence M. Lande, a Montreal business man, who has also contributed an Introduction, in which he laments, with good reason, that the sense of wonder at the majesty of God, "breaking out into spontaneous praise, is sadly lacking in our generation. A mild benevolence towards man now supersedes the enthusiasm for God. . . Adoration is a lost art."

The Frémonts

IMMORTAL WIFE, a Biographical novel, by Irving Stone. (McClelland and Stewart $3.25.)

GENERAL Frémont does not stand well the scrutiny of history. Despite his high ability as a topographer, his resolute qualities as an explorer and a leader, he had almost a genius for disobeying or ignoring orders and entangling the United States State Department in difficulties. His wife, the daughter of Senator Benton, conceived it her duty to use her unbounded talent in getting her man out of scrapes and at the last won the left-handed accolade when President Lincoln told her that she was "a female politician." Seventy-five years ago that was indeed an affront.

Granted that love was her incentive there is still something to be said for intelligence and patience in a wife. Jessie Benton Frémont generally speaking was too clever by half, even in the full throes of her connubial felicity.

Taking the known facts about Mrs. Frémont, the author of this book has filled in a mass of small, imagined detail, such as what she wore on such-and-such an occasion, and how she received this or that rebuff. When he mentions the particular Strauss Waltz that was being played when the young lieutenant and the heroine first found themselves, one reader, itching with rebellion, recalled Koko in *The Mikado* "adding verisimilitude to what otherwise would be a bald and unconvincing narrative."

Historical novels are here, and must be endured. But biographical novels dripping with sentimentality are something else again.

A Job Lot

By W. S. MILNE

MEGGY MacINTOSH by Elizabeth Jane Gray. (Macmillan, $2.50)

THE WAY by J. M. Hartley. (Oxford, $3.00)

THE GOLDEN BOWL by Feike Feikema. (Oxford, $3.00)

JACOBITE romanticism for 'teen-agers, Roman politics in Palestine under Augustus, and consternation and destruction in the Dakota dust bowl make a strange trio. Still, any book is better than no book at all, and these three are readable enough, each in its own way. "Meggy" is the only one that is likely to have a wide public. It is a pleasant romantic tale of an Edinburgh orphan, who in the seventeen-seventies takes as her heroine Flora MacDonald who helped Bonnie Prince Charlie to escape to Skye. Flora has emigrated to the Americas, to the Carolina colony, and Meggy follows her. She arrives on the eve of the Revolution, finds Flora, picks her side in the struggle, and discovers her own bonny prince. It is an unpretentious little tale, charmingly written, and although it should appeal most to girls of Meggy's own age, need not be restricted to these. The picture of Edinburgh society is well done, and the grievances of the colonies are handled with clarity and fairness.

"The Way" is somewhat sexed-up "Ben Hur", without the older book's spiritual power. The three wise men return to Palestine from Egypt, Chaldea and India, some ten years after Christ's birth, with the avowed intention of seeking out the child whose future greatness they had read in the stars, and setting him at the head of an international brotherhood of men of good will. They feel themselves growing old, and propose to endow him with the sum of their own wisdom. The movement incurs the suspicion of Augustus, who sends an officer, Severus, to investigate. Severus falls foul of the political machinations of his superiors, but has a love affair with a Jewish girl, through whom he almost manages to unmask the "conspirators". In the end, however, the wise men find Jesus, Severus is disgraced, and his Jewish mistress stoned to death as an adulteress.

"The Golden Bowl" tells of a hobo ex-farmer, driven to the road by drought, dust and erosion on his own place in Oklahoma, being drawn back to the land once more when he goes to the rescue of a family in similar plight in South Dakota. It has in spots a flavor of Hamsun's "Growth of the Soil", and in part it stems from Steinbeck and Jim Tully. Its author, a young American of Frisian descent, evidently writes with first-hand knowledge of the conditions he describes. It is a powerful and depressing book; although the indomitableness of some of the farmers is kept well to the fore, their refusal to surrender is not likely to be shared by the average reader. I know the dust got me down. The odds seemed too great to make a fight worth persisting in. This, of course, is a tribute to Mr. Feikema's descriptive powers. I have seldom read a thirstier book. The style is graphic and ultra-frank, rising at times to almost poetic levels. Indeed, the book has a lyric quality, but it is a lyric of despair.

Poetry in Battle

POEMS FROM THE DESERT, by Members of the Eighth Army, with a foreword by Field Marshal Montgomery. (Oxford, $1.50.)

THEY were warriors, those men of the Eighth Army, driving Rommel out of Africa. But some of them were poets as well. When the soldiers' newspaper, *Crusader*, offered prizes for poetry, over four hundred entries were received. And that's not as surprising as some may imagine, for imagination is built on experience and each man of the Eighth had the experience of a dozen lives compressed into one. Every possible impact on the emotions and thought they knew. In such circumstances even the inarticulate may have the urge to expression.

Naturally much of the verse submitted was short on literary quality. But a score of the poems, here collected had the thrill of life in them. Four were by officers; young lieutenants. The rest were by enlisted men, privates, troopers, gunners, or one-stripe or two-stripe men. One was by a sergeant (believe it or not) whose hymn to England, under the title of "White Cliffs," has patriotic fervency, though antique in manner.

But there is much as new-fashioned as today, vivid, exclamatory, satiric in outline but with a wheat of thought within. Trooper E. J. Barton writes:

"But if some morning in the radiance
that springs behind the thinning mask of night
you see within my eyes that I have scanned
this finite book and must leave you to read alone,
touch not my arm to stay me when I go,
nor turn away in sorrow from my going;
for if my journey leads to consciousness
wait! We shall meet again; but if oblivion
stretches her dusky arms to crush me
into dust against her broad nihility
. . . then it is well.
I shall know peace, unknowing."

The George Star Island

TARGET ISLAND, a novel by John Brophy. (Collins, $2.50.)

GRAND BARRAGE, a novel, by "Gun Buster." (Musson, $2.00.)

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All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1.

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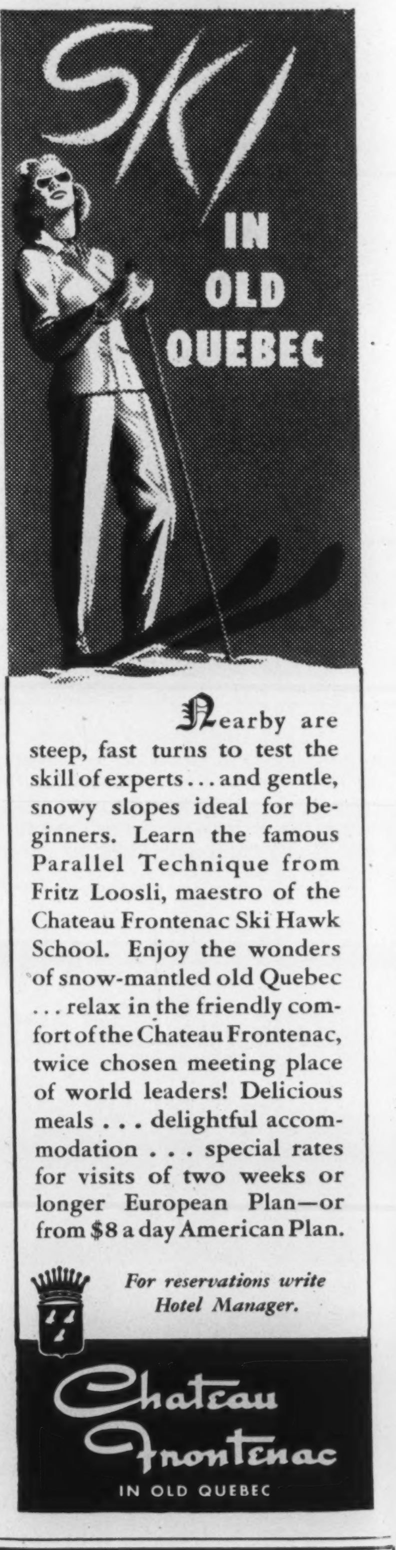

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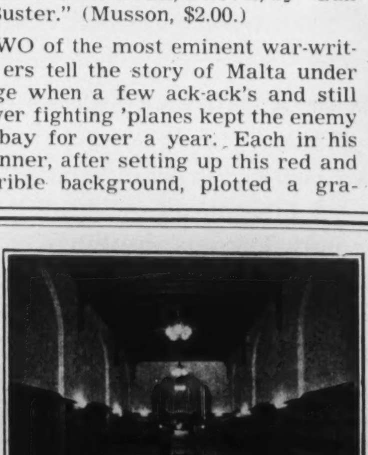

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THE BOOKSHELF

Goose Bay Airport and Its Building

CHECKMATE IN THE NORTH, by Lt.-Commander W. G. Carr. (Macmillans, $3.50.)

MOST people know that somewhere in Labrador there is an airport known as Goose Bay. Right there their information stops; which is not unreasonable considering that it was the duty of the censor to estop all publications from mentioning the place. Of late the lid has come off and the story emerging is as big as a Djinn, but much more solid.

In July 1941 a contract was signed by the Air Ministry with the McNamara Construction Company of Toronto for an air base with three concrete runways each a mile long and with all the necessary buildings to house some thousands of people. It was to be usable by November of that same year. The area of the air port is about that of the city of Toronto. It has some 8,000 permanent residents. There are fifty miles of permanent roads, complete electric lighting and telephone systems, a water and sewage system.

These facts are mere hints of the amazing story told by Lieut.-Commander Carr who spent six months there in Naval command, and loved every day of it. Americans built the Alaska Highway and have talked long about it. Canadians built Goose Bay, the biggest and best equipped air port in the world, starting from scratch. And here is the thrilling tale.

A Captain of Parts

ALLENBY IN EGYPT, by Field Marshal Viscount Wavell. (Oxford, $2.50.)

ONE of the most interesting biographies of recent years was "Allenby; a Study in Greatness," by his colleague and friend, Viscount Wavell, now Viceroy of India. In its structure the book showed the progressive development of those qualities of mind and character which came to full flower in the campaign which broke Turkish power in Palestine and Syria and contributed mightily to the victory of 1918.

It was a portrait not always flattering, but, from that very fact, one which could be set in high places for continual admiration. What other general of his time was wholly devoid of self-praise, completely indifferent to adulation or blame, and without ambition? For Allenby, duty was his mistress. The will to do a good job was his only will. If his discipline was severe, if his temper sometimes flared, the fact was balanced by his determination to be just and fair towards all who served under him.

The entry into Jerusalem was a climax. Some have said that his subsequent work as Special High Commissioner for Egypt was in the nature of anti-climax. Lord Wavell is not of that company. He has written this continuation of his Study to show that the merits of the man in the field were exactly the ones to bring him success in dealing with a backward and excitable people. They learned that he was a man to be trusted, that he would do justly in spite of threats from Egyptian revolutionists and of criticism by the Foreign Office and the London press.

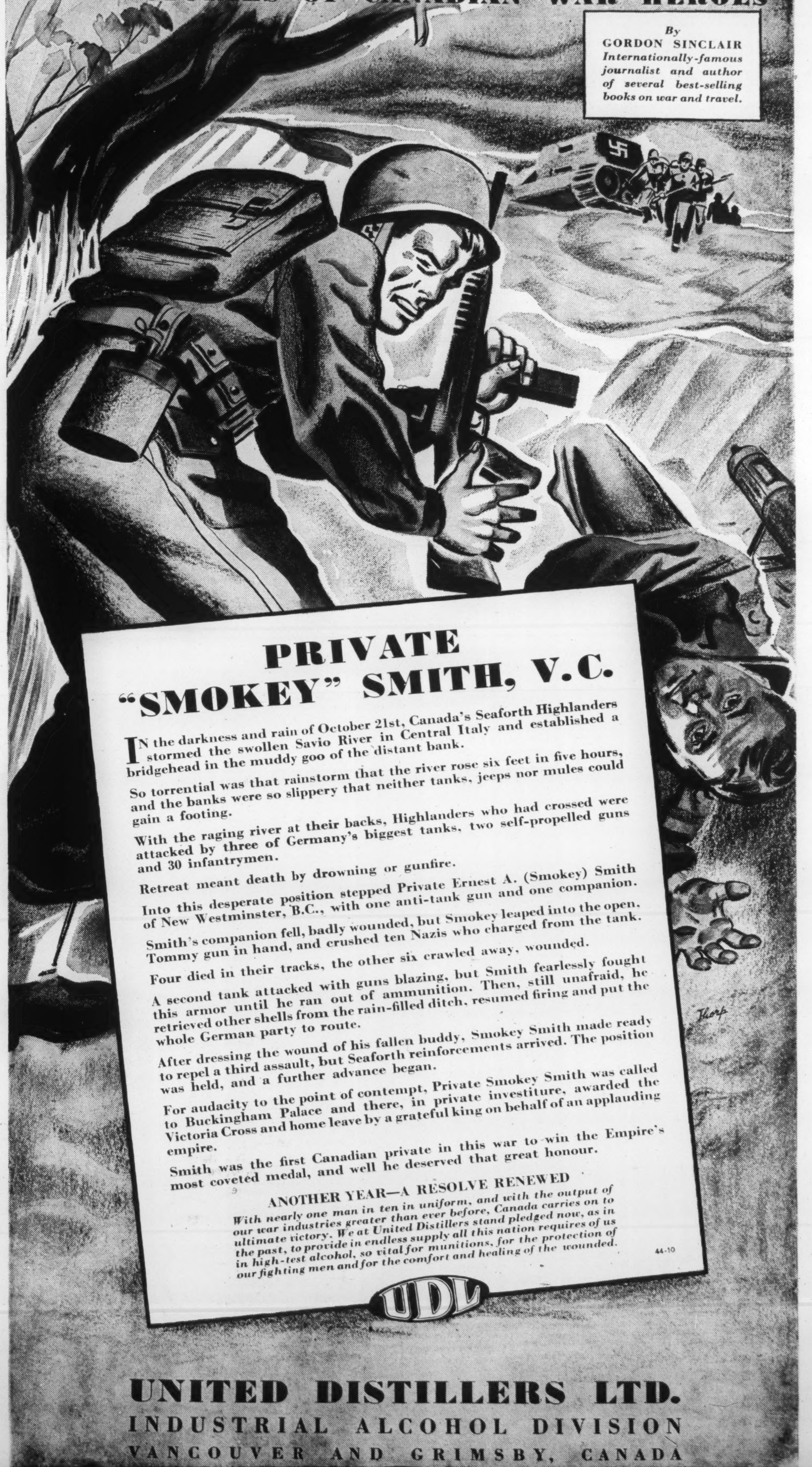
He had six years for the task of bringing self-government to Egypt while still protecting British interests in the Sudan and along the short route to India. He was patient almost beyond reason, but when Zaghlul's followers challenged him by assassinating Sir Lee Stack, no soldier could have been more forceful and direct in action.

He came back to England in honor, even Ministers having changed their minds about him. And perhaps his chairing as Rector of Edinburgh University was even a greater climax than the Jerusalem campaign.

The book is admirably done. It honors the writer as much as the subject.

TRUE STORIES OF CANADIAN WAR HEROES

By GORDON SINCLAIR
Internationally-famous journalist and author of several best-selling books on war and travel.



PRIVATE "SMOKEY" SMITH, V.C.

IN the darkness and rain of October 21st, Canada's Seaforth Highlanders stormed the swollen Savio River in Central Italy and established a bridgehead in the muddy goo of the distant bank.

So torrential was that rainstorm that the river rose six feet in five hours, and the banks were so slippery that neither tanks, jeeps nor mules could gain a footing.

With the raging river at their backs, Highlanders who had crossed were attacked by three of Germany's biggest tanks, two self-propelled guns and 30 infantrymen.

Retreat meant death by drowning or gunfire.

Into this desperate position stepped Private Ernest A. (Smokey) Smith of New Westminster, B.C., with one anti-tank gun and one companion.

Smith's companion fell, badly wounded, but Smokey leaped into the open, Tommy gun in hand, and crushed ten Nazis who charged from the tank.

Four died in their tracks, the other six crawled away, wounded.

A second tank attacked with guns blazing, but Smith fearlessly fought this armor until he ran out of ammunition. Then, still unafraid, he retrieved other shells from the rain-filled ditch, resumed firing and put the whole German party to route.

After dressing the wound of his fallen buddy, Smokey Smith made ready to repel a third assault, but Seaforth reinforcements arrived. The position was held, and a further advance began.

For audacity to the point of contempt, Private Smokey Smith was called to Buckingham Palace and there, in private investiture, awarded the Victoria Cross and home leave by a grateful king on behalf of an applauding empire.

Smith was the first Canadian private in this war to win the Empire's most coveted medal, and well he deserved that great honour.

ANOTHER YEAR—A RESOLVE RENEWED

With nearly one man in ten in uniform, and with the output of our war industries greater than ever before, Canada carries on to ultimate victory. We at United Distillers stand pledged now, as in the past, to provide in endless supply all this nation requires of us in high-test alcohol, so vital for munitions, for the protection of our fighting men and for the comfort and healing of the wounded.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

City on the Hudson Displays the S.R.O. Sign to Its Visitors

By BERNICE COFFEY

New York

ALL the stories about transportation difficulties are true, as the traveller bound for New York soon learns. Only a bird on the scene earlier than the early bird can hope to get a train reservation, let alone get *on* the train. As for hotels, you can believe that Lady Luck has taken out adoption papers for you if any hotel will let you in without some long range planning on your part.

Having won a place to sleep only those who believe that there are fairies at the bottom of the garden will expect or demand Service. Blankets missing? Oh, well, the fur coat is warmth-making. Metal hangers have vanished from clothes closets and have been replaced by others made of ersatz cardboard which has an absurd tendency to fold limply under anything weightier than a blouse. Overloaded switchboards mean delayed calls. Porters and bellboys are precious because they are rare. And isn't it too bad you brought three pieces of luggage? Probably have to carry it yourself. And you learn the virtues of patience as you wait one hour, two hours, a day, for someone to move out of "your" room so that you can move in.

In common with all large cities—American and Canadian—New York is suffering from a severe case of indigestion brought on by an influx of wartime visitors and the attendant complications of materials and labor shortages. Symbolically, the current hit tune sung, played and whistled everywhere is "Don't Fence Me In." Like a distracted hostess with the twin problems of incoming guests and a departing staff, the city does its best under great difficulties—and is as scintillating, exhilarating and full of enchantment as ever.

Many parties were given for the fashion editors attending the New York Dress Institute's Fourth National Press Week. At a cocktail party given by the Bituminous Coal Institute at the Plaza a "perfume bar" was displayed, ornamented with live flowers whose fragrances of rose, sweet pea, carnation, gardenia, violet and acacia were duplicated by concealed perfume blended from coal products. Coal, the modern Aladdin's lamp, also provides nylon stockings and a pair of the priceless things on display were guarded by two uniformed Pinkerton men!

Underarm fullness in the jacket, and unpressed pleats in the skirt represent leading Spring trends in this black alpaca suit by Pauline Trigere. Short jacket fastens with topaz buttons over a chiffon blouse.

Tintypes

Met Anne Delafield, the wonder woman of "Success School" fame, at a party arranged by Hudnut at the St. Regis. Tall poised and queenly, wearing a towering blue and fuchsia ribbon turban and a slim black dress, Miss Delafield is an impressive example of a theory that has resulted in the remodelling of thousands of women from the bone out.

Staged high up on the St. Regis Roof, the party was gay and noisy. Through the floor-length windows New York's ink-black skyline twinkled with lights silhouetted against the twilight. Guests were received near a Victorian table with a floor-length red velvet cover on which stood an oil lamp with a round, floral, hand-painted globe, a stereoscope, two plush-bound albums—one filled with stiff old-fashioned pictures, the other with blank pages served as a guest book. From a booth in the centre of the floor waiters served hot and cold hors d'oeuvres. A "cowboy" ran a wheel of chance announcing "You can't lose!"—and, sure enough, everybody won a prize. In another corner a tintype photographer with fierce black moustachios, dressed in a brown derby, and a loud black and white check suit did a roaring business—his customers poking their heads through a panel decorated with Gay Nineties hats. The finished tintypes were incredibly awful and amusing. And all the while an orchestra played foxtrots and rhumbas, and Celeste Holm gave out with songs from "Bloomer Girl." Met Mary Brooks Picken whose name is known to all women who sew and the author of many books, who spoke warmly of Canadian hospitality, especially her visit to Lady Eaton's home during a Toronto visit; also members of *Vogue's* editorial staff who might have stepped straight out of the pages of the latest issue.

Service Women's Club

Luncheon at the historic Whitelaw Reid mansion on Madison Avenue, now known as the Women's Military Services Club—a place warmly remembered by many visiting Canadian service women for the kindness and hospitality they have received there. The first girl to step across the threshold the day the Club opened in 1943 was a Canadian "and ninety-seven Canadian girls came to us last week," we were told.

The Club is sponsored by Coty, Inc., and committees of women long known in New York's social life as hostesses, give unsparingly of their time to assist in its operation. Among the ladies of the board of trustees who received the guests at the luncheon were Mrs. Guy Fairfax Cary, chairman; Mrs. Valentine E. Macy, Jr., vice-chairman and treasurer; Mrs. Sidney C. Borg, Secretary; Mrs. Grover A. Whalen and Lady Ribblesdale. The magnificent Club of Italian Renaissance architecture, is built in the shape of a U around a courtyard and faces Madison Avenue through a high ornate gate and fence. On the walls of the wide main stairway leading to the second floor are portraits of the heads of all the U.S. women's services and the directors of the U.S. Army and Navy Nurse corps.

Of India and Alcan

Grover A. Whalen, president of Coty, Inc., and one of New York's most famous personages, was present. . . yes, he looks exactly the same in person as in the newsreels—bow-tie, moustache and wide smile . . . and Brigadier-General J. A. O'Connor of the Engineers, United States Army, who only a few hours previously had arrived after completing a tour of China, the Burma Road and India. General O'Connor was the Commanding-General during the building of the Alcan Highway and knows Canada and Canadians. He asked us to be sure to give his best regards to Lance Rumble of General Motors, Toronto, and we liked his story about the perfume he bought in a Cairo bazaar. "When I brought it home, Whalen had it analyzed and found it was worn-out engine oil with a little bit of musk in it." Mr. Whalen, who was Civilian Adviser to the General, told us he couldn't buy red flannels in Edmonton, "so I borrowed some

white ones from a Chicago fellow and for two and a half months never took them off."

Over to Park Avenue and Sherry's where Mr. Joseph Keho, president of Dorothy Gray, is the host at a buffet supper in honor of Mrs. Elinor McVickar, the new director of Dorothy Gray laboratories. A delightful affair, this, in the resplendent Mirror Room. Here we meet more Canadians—they seem to be everywhere in New York — among them Jack Brockie down from Toronto on business; Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Bell who are frequent visitors to our country and know it well—Mrs. Bell is the mother of three children, and is incredibly beautiful and young; Dorothy Cocks, alert and friendly, one of New York's top-drawer career women.

Rainbow Room Dark

Ear-drums crackling in the incredibly swift and silent ride up, we reach the Terrace Club adjoining the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Centre where Shulton, who do the Old Spice toiletries, are having a cocktail party. Here, in a room where the ceiling is black glass that reflects the lights back in soft yellow circles and the outer walls are glass, one looks down from a fantastic height on a New York that has shrunk to toy-like dimensions. That necklace of lights fading into the haze must be Broadway. The rest of the tightly clustered lights that spangle the city to the horizon resemble rubies, emeralds, canary diamonds tossed on the black carpet of the night. The Rainbow Room is through that door over there. We look in. It's dark and quiet. Closed for the duration, we hear.

A free hour so we visit the Museum of Non-objective Painting on East Fifty-Fourth Street. Here we see a new school of art that at first is disconcerting and then grows in stature as one studies it. Non-objective art is not intended to have any resemblance to anything material. It is the expression of a mood, an intellectual experience. While the medium most frequently used is oil, some artists use tempera, crayon and in one or two instances sand has been applied to a shellacked surface and painted to obtain an unusual texture pattern. A few employ pieces of tin-foil, plastics, wood.

Non-Objective Art

At the Museum we encounter a tall, slim man in a conservative grey tweed suit — Rolph Scarlett whose paintings are in the collection and one of the leaders in the Non-objective Art movement in New York. Mr. Scarlett, a Canadian from Guelph, Ont., designed sets for the Pasadena Playhouse from 1930-31, and has exhibited in Toledo, Los Angeles, Pasadena. He feels that the Non-objective is an art form that should be of interest to Canadian artists. "It is without tradition, without roots, and is an entirely new field," and he expressed the hope that the exhibition some time may be sent to Canada. We hope so, too.

New York has a cigarette famine. All brands have vanished from the stands and only determined individuals with plenty of initiative and what are mysteriously referred to as "sources" can continue to get anything like their usual daily quota. It is bad form to accept an offer of a cigarette. All fastidiousness about brands has vanished—"They are all mixed with hay," was one smoker's gloomy remark. Cigarettes are the most welcome gift a Canadian visitor can take to anyone in New York —and don't forget to bring enough for yourself.

Liquor is another story. Rationed in some States, it seems plentiful enough in New York. The first sight of white-coated bartenders officiating behind a plentifully stocked bar gave this Canadian a slightly illegal feeling. Food is delicious and served with flair, but after a time the visitor becomes aware that a diet of Chicken a la Maryland, Lobster Newburg, scallops and other sea-foods can become monotonous. Anyone tactless enough to express to a New Yorker a yearning for steak or roast beef will receive a faraway look as they say "Roast *beef*? Why, a roast of beef costs a whole month's ration points!" Ergo, nobody eats roast beef. On the other hand, sugar seems fairly plentiful. Bowls of it are on the tables of the popular restaurants in contrast with our careful misering. There seems to be an abundance of heavily sugared pastries and fancy breads such as the Danish pastry and cinnamon roll sort of thing, but cream cheese or jam substitutes for butter at luncheon everywhere. Only their superb coffee brings us to forgive them for what they do to tea. Anyone who is fool enough to ask for it gets a cup of hot water and a tea bag which you are supposed to dunk up and down until the unholy brew is the desired strength.

Blintzes and Shortages

Still in the food department, we tasted our first cheese blintzes at an up-town hotel. Blintzes (a name with personality) are to be had only in Russian or Jewish restaurants but deserve wider circulation. They are hot French pancakes "—fried in butter" the waiter informed us, folded over cottage cheese and are accompanied by a bowl of sour cream to be spooned over the blintzes with a lavish hand. Some people add sugar. Russians fill the pancakes with caviar rather than cheese.

American women, too, are talking about the shortage of stockings. But we saw windows and countersful of them everywhere — an incredible sight to Canadian eyes when it is unaccompanied by a mob scene of frenzied women buyers. It seems that the shortage, such as it is, is in fine gauge hosiery. Some stores are limiting sales of these to three pairs to a customer. And they call this a shortage!

Although snowstorms still descend on the city, New York enjoys its flowers and there are violets, mimosa, gardenias for corsages and Max Schling's celebrated floral arrangements in his shop at the Sherry-Netherland are so breathtakingly beautiful you must stop and admire no matter how many times you pass.

Long evening dresses, non-regulation in Canada, are legal in the United States. New York's Adele Simpson uses black and white gingham for a Spring evening dress with bared midriff, high neckline. Jet sequins glitter on bodice, skirt band and bow.

Stroll a little farther down Fifth and you see things such as a crocodile handbag from the Argentine with discreet ticket announcing the price —$125. Walk down a few blocks, cross over at Forty-Second Street and here is dear familiar old Woolworth's with wonderful junk jewellery at 25 cents.

New York is all these things and so many more. . . signs announcing the latest figure reached in the war loan; wounded boys in uniform getting around on crutches; thousands of men and women in uniform—especially that of the navy and coastguard; headlines that warn of the possible bombardment with robot bombs.

(*Next week: Review of New York Spring fashions.*)

THE HAND

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washes the dishes —
grinds the valve —
sets the rivet —
can still be the hand
that is sweet to hold
if it belongs to a
woman wise enough to
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modestly priced.

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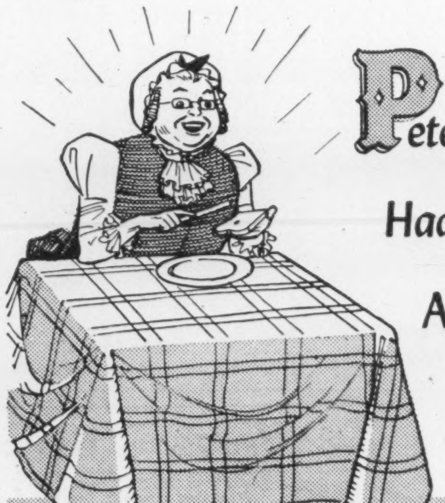

Peter, Peter, Aylmer-eater,
Had a wife and could he keep her!
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Always kept him high in favor!

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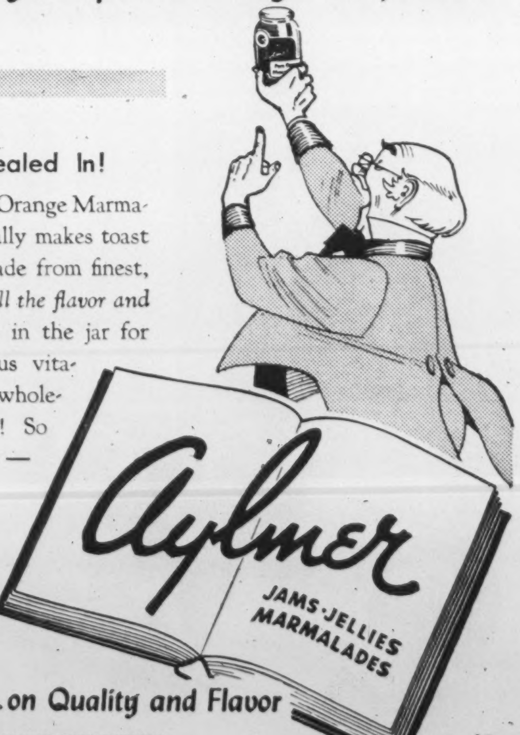
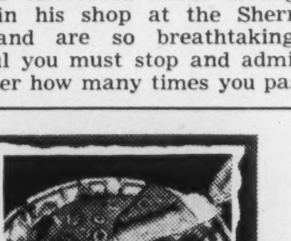
Toast-for-Breakfast-Lovers declare *Aylmer* Pure Orange Marmalade has such superb tang and flavor . . . it really makes toast irresistible! You see, *Aylmer* marmalade is made from finest, juiciest oranges . . . and *all the flavor and goodness is vacuum-sealed* in the jar for keeps, along with precious vitamins and minerals. It's wholesome . . . extra delicious! So always choose *Aylmer* — *pasteurized for purity.*



Canada's Best Seller. . . on Quality and Flavor

13

Quick Thrifty Delicious



Beef Upside Down Pie

1½ cups flour
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. celery salt
¼ tsp. white pepper
5 tbs. shortening
¾ cup milk, or half milk and half water
¼ cup sliced onion
1 can condensed tomato soup
½ lb. ground raw beef

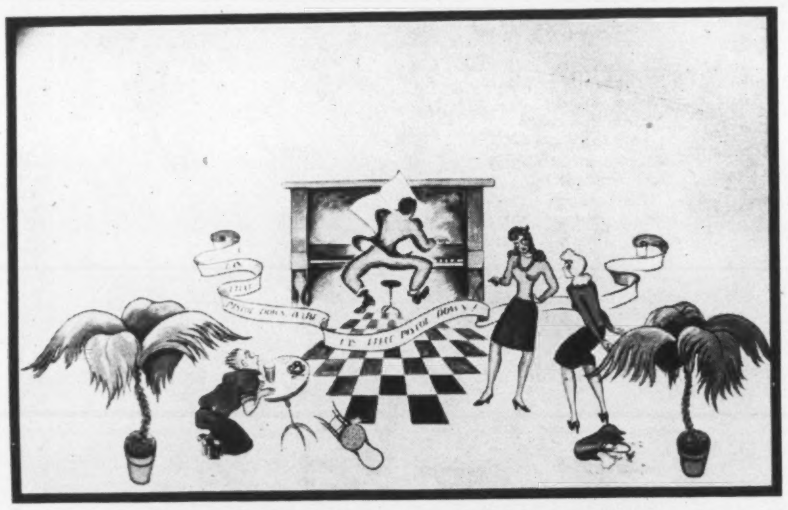
3 tsp. Magic Baking Powder

Sift together flour, baking powder, ½ tsp. salt, celery salt and pepper; add 3 tablespoons shortening; mix in thoroughly with fork. Add milk and stir until blended. Melt remaining two tablespoons shortening in 9" frying pan, and cook onions until soft. Add tomato soup, remaining ½ teaspoon salt and ground meat; bring to boil. Spread baking powder mixture on top of meat mixture and bake at 475°F. for about 20 minutes. Turn out upside down on large plate. Serves 8.

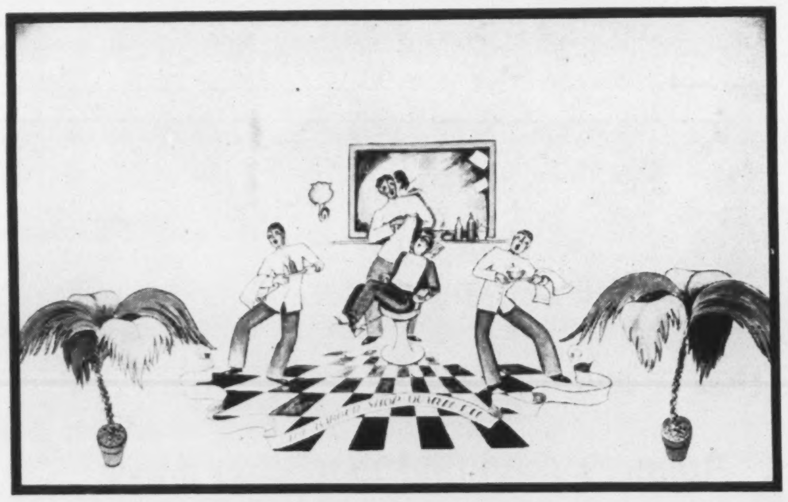
MADE IN CANADA

My Mammy Done Tole Me . . . That a Woman is a Two-Faced Thing.

Amusing murals that reflect the serviceman's preference for juke box melody are painted directly on the walls of the Active Service Club of London, Ont., which has played host to over 800,000 men of the three armed services since it opened over four years ago. These panels are the work of Mrs. Hugh Mackenzie of London. There's a spirited rollicking zest to the murals and a rhythmic quality of line which suggests the restless uninhibited character of modern swing music.



Lay That Pistol Down, Babe! Lay That Pistol Down!



The Barber Shop Quartette.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Another Giant Negro Basso; Many Fine Concert Events

By HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

KENNETH SPENCER, a Negro singer, six feet four in height, and possessed of a magnificent voice of the true basso profundo category, made his first local appearance at Eaton Auditorium last week, and roused much enthusiasm. Though he has not as yet developed so wonderful a personality as Paul Robeson there is little doubt but that he will become a permanent figure in the concert arena.

His voice is of vast, even, appealing quality throughout a range well over two octaves; embracing the lower clef in which Russian bassos specialize. It is well trained and admirably controlled. Though in some numbers he has not the emotional variety that will come with experience, he has at times a gift of coloring his tones to suggest the mood of a song that gives individuality to his interpretations. This was particularly marked in Schumann's famous lyric "Ich Grolle Nicht." Literally it means "I'll Growl Not", and unfortunately some singers do growl it. Mr. Spencer's rendering was a fine expression of a sombre mood. Another famous song, rendered impressively, was Beethoven's "In Questa Tomba Oscura", which has straightforward emotional appeal. It is one of the most effective songs for the deep voice and was a favorite with Chaliapin.

A Fiery Pole

The Polish pianist, Witold Malcuzynski is now a familiar figure in Canadian cities. Last week at Eaton Auditorium he made his fourth appearance in Toronto, including one with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra last autumn in which he gave an unexpected demonstration of tranquility and balance. Last week his style was less exaggerated than at his two previous recitals, though not until the Polish question has been settled are we likely to find serenity in Mr. Malcuzynski, especially when he plays Chopin. Technically he is phenomenal. No contemporary is a more complete master of finger technique, and his power is unlimited. One feels in him a fiery and intense musical temperament, not entirely under control.

His program last week was the most interesting he has given here, because he showed his abilities in the works of Cesar Franck, Beethoven and Debussy. Franck in fact gains something when interpreted with the natural warmth of Mr. Malcuzynski. The general tendency is to render his noble Prelude and Fugue too coldly and reverentially. The pianist was superb in his elucidation of the pattern and the climaxes were marked by tonal grandeur.

A Joyous Program

Beethoven also figured on the program for secondary schools provided by Sir Ernest MacMillan with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. The major work of the evening was the 7th Symphony, which in our day has attained a parity in critical esteem with the 3rd, 5th and 9th. Wagner called the 7th, "the dance in its happiest condition, the happiest realization of the movements of the body in ideal form". But it is more than that. Cumulatively it gives a suggestion of vastness. The propulsive urge of the music is enthralling. Sir Ernest's interpretation has often been heard and is always splendid in enthusiasm and beauty of detailed treatment.

Other orchestral works on the program were of enduring fascination. As an opera Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" is too cumbrous to take on tour, but its most fascinating feature, waltzes that are almost as good as those of the other Strauss (the great Johann Jr.), now have a world audience. Though not pretentious there is no work of the last half of the 19th century that has been more enduring than Grieg's first "Peer Gynt" Suite. The young folks last week found it as fascinating as did their grandmothers in the nineties. It was good to get an alternative to the "Figaro" overture and an equally delightful work of Mozart's, the overture to "Cosi fan Tutte."

The soloist was one of the gifted members of the orchestra, the young violinist, Beauna Somerville, who has made two appearances in the out-of-town concerts of T.S.O. this season. She has a good, confident tone, skilled technical address, and an attractive personality. She played with fine musical insight the always grateful though difficult Mendelssohn Concerto.

Contemporary Music

THE Society for Contemporary Music (formerly the Vogt Society) whose purpose is primarily to encourage Canadian Composition by performing and, if possible, publishing the work of Canadian Composers and secondarily that of promoting interest in contemporary music of other countries by performance at their concerts, will be giving three such concerts this winter. The first of these will be held Saturday, Jan. 27 at 8:30 p.m. in the Conservatory of Music Concert Hall, Toronto, the program being one of exclusively Canadian works as follows:—

1. String Quartette—by Harry Somers (19 years old) of the R.C.A.F.
2. Group of Songs—by Godfrey Ridout—for soprano and oboe.
3. String Quartette—by Oscar Morovitz—who received the Canadian Performing Rights Society Award in 1944.

The performers will be:—1st Violin Miss Pearl Palmason, 2nd Violin Miss Goldie Bell, Viola Mr. M. Vogle, Cello Mr. Perry Bauman and Soprano Miss Freda Antrobus.

The Schubert Quintet

The principal number played by the Parlow String Quartet at last week's twilight chamber concert in Conservatory Hall was Schubert's string Quintet in C major, which calls for an extra 'cellist,—in this instance the able musician, Cornelius Ysseltyne. It dates from 1828, the last year of the composer's life, and has wonderful emotional appeal, and beautifully developed harmonic devices. The rendering was in the highest degree distinguished, and tonally satisfying. In fact it was of a quality to convert the uninitiated to the cult of chamber music.

Freda Trepel, a Winnipeg pianist

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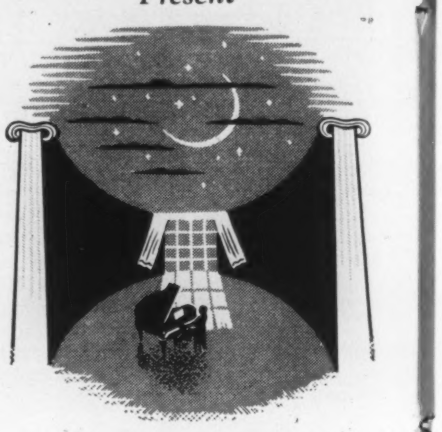

Beethoven's
"MOONLIGHT SONATA"

It was the critic, Rellstab, who, upon hearing the Sonata in C-sharp Minor performed, said it reminded him of Moonlight on Lake Lucerne in Switzerland. As Egon Petri softly caresses the keys in the opening movement and thunders forth defiance in the finale, even the most callous listener cannot but succumb to the charm of the music, so beautifully played and reproduced on these records. A "must" for every record library. Set J10—$2.75.

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of high rank, made her first local appearance at Eaton Auditorium last Saturday night—her home, by the way, is now Regina. Though born in 1919 she and several sisters have been making public appearances since an early age. Three of them were at one time simultaneously studying under scholarships at the Chicago College of Music, the principal of which, Rudolph Ganz, became Freda's teacher. She has a most attractive personality, and the finesse, balance and intelligence of her interpretations make everything she does interesting. She has been heard on C.B.C. networks. Despite her youth her style is that of a veteran interpreter in touch and phrase. Her program was one of exceptional variety, and her mastery of the classic style was at once revealed in a Bach Fantasy in C minor. She also played with grace and charm Beethoven's sonata in miniature, Opus 78 in F sharp major, dedicated to one of his idols, Therese Von Brunswick. The program abounded in brilliantly interpreted modern pieces by Blanchet, Francaix, Ravel, Debussy and Infante.

FILM AND THEATRE

The Only Thing Really Serious is the High Cost of It All

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE movies in recent years seem to have grown a little tired of their own more elaborate productions. They haven't to be sure, failed the customers, and there is no slighting of sets and costuming which grow gaudier and more fantastic with every season. But the pictures don't bloom with innocence as they did in the old days. Hollywood knows it is kidding the customers and that the customers know it too. As a result, a rather desperate note of parody has crept into production. Even such ingenuous offerings as Maria Montez-Jon Hall epics and Dorothy Lamour South Sea idylls now keep a wink in reserve for the wiser customers. Skepticism has become the pill that helps the jam of production go down.

In "Kismet" this note of self-kidding—("For God's sake, don't take any of this seriously!")—is emphatic to the point of shrillness. "She's a gift from Macedonia and we *can't* afford to offend Macedonia" the Grand Vizier (Edward Arnold) keeps insisting whenever Marlene Dietrich, the head dancing girl of the harem, appears on the screen. Miss Dietrich is in on the joke too. Her face, under a hairdo as twisted as pulled taffy, wears its old look of hollow mockery, but the mockery this time is trained on the role. Even the Dietrich costume, such as it is, is an obvious joke to end all jokes about the Dietrich legs.

Colman a Scalawag?

Ronald Colman, in the role that Otis Skinner made famous — and took pretty seriously—back in 1911, is just as off-handed as Marlene. Mr. Colman has speeded up his rather stately tempo for the part but he hasn't made any attempt to adapt his famous manner of a cultivated English gentleman to the more informal style of a most imposing scalawag, and, of course Edward Arnold as the big, bad villain of the piece fairly splutters with laughter and high spirits, almost up to the moment when he disappears in a circle of widening bubbles in the harem swimming pool.

Altogether "Kismet" is a big good-natured romp of a picture; and though it is certainly easier to watch than more portentous shows of the same type, it does give one some vaguely uncomfortable moments. Even "Kismet" can't quite laugh off the fact that Ronald Colman is rather too settled a type for these incorrigible roles, and that there is something a little macabre about Marlene Dietrich's parody of her own legend. Colman and Dietrich are the seniors here, the roles of the young lovers going to James Craig and Joy Ann Page. It's the young people who are sedate in "Kismet" while their elders do all the larking about. The accent is on middle-age rather than youth, which is probably meant to be all part of the fun. "Kismet" doesn't want you to take anything about it seriously, except the millions and millions it has spent on production.

Reasonable, If Silly

"And Now Tomorrow" brings Alan Ladd back to the screen for the first time since his discharge from the army. His experience with the armed forces however has done nothing to make Mr. Ladd a more sociable type. He's still a young man with a chip on his shoulder and his love-making has the quality of dry ice, burning and freezing at the same time. This peculiar but effective treatment is turned on Loretta Young, who plays the role of a rich and beautiful girl afflicted by deafness. Alan Ladd is the young medical man called in to cure her; and since she lives in a privileged world which he can enter only professionally, he is given plenty of opportunity to be rude and irresistible at the same time.

The heroine is not only deaf but a town snob, and her new doctor proposes to cure her of both afflictions at once. He cures the snobbishness by snarling at her and taking her out on medical calls across the tracks. The deafness yields to serum treatment, but not before the treatment has knocked her into a coma and almost killed her. Miss Young thrives on all this rough treatment, however, emerging with her hearing restored and her sense of social values reversed. Needless to say, "And Now Tomorrow" isn't the sort of case-history you are likely to run across in medical journals. But smooth controlled direction make it reasonable entertainment on the screen, even when you suspect that it is pretty silly.

• •

Discarnate Lassie of Noel Coward

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

TO a certain extent time has absorbed the shock-value of Noel Coward's ectoplasmic ladies who drift about the stage in gray triple-sheer gowns and ghastly gray make-up; but "Blithe Spirit" is still a novel and lively comedy in its own right. Like all Mr. Coward's comedies it is filled with the light brittle crash of dialogue and hurled crockery, as well as the particular type of sex-bickering that the author has made his specialty. But the peculiar and very funny predicaments he has invented for his characters here give "Blithe Spirit" a right to its title as the best of the Coward comedies.

It's hard to say if the author put his fondest work on Madame Arcati, the medium, or if Hildegarde Halliday in the role has actually improved on the Coward invention. Miss Halliday flitted about the stage evoking psychic phenomena as briskly as a robin digging up worms. Everything about her was extravagantly right, from the inspired dowdiness of her clothes to her wholesome attitude towards poltergeists, elementals and the healthful aspects of the trance state.

Elissa Landi as the leading disembodied lady was at a considerable disadvantage throughout the play. Miss Landi is rather too stately a type for the tenuous and naughty role of Elvira, and the famous Landi beauty had very little chance against the handicap of gray make-up and a heavy gray wig. The rest of the cast, including Vicki Cummings and Alexander Kirkland, were good Noel Coward drawing-room types, delivering the Coward lines quite as though it were their native speech.

Note: Someone, whether the author, the players or merely the type-setter, seems to have included protoplasm among psychic phenomena. Could they have meant ectoplasm?

The Famous Don Cossack Chorus, under the direction of N. Kostrukoff, returns to Eaton Auditorium, Toronto, for two days, January 29 and 30.

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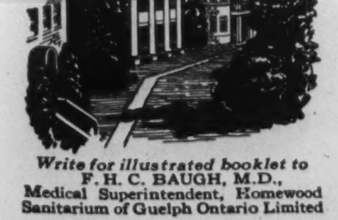

Write for illustrated booklet to F. H. C. BAUGH, M.D., Medical Superintendent, Homewood Sanitarium of Guelph Ontario Limited

THE FEMININE OUTLOOK

Spanish Wartime Royal Wedding Staged With Medieval Splendor

By CHARLES FOLEY

Seville.

IN A twin-engined air-liner, wings tipped with the scarlet and yellow of Franco Spain, Falangist arrows on its tail, I dropped out of reality into a scene as strange to the times we live in as the age of the Armada or the Field of the Cloth of Gold. For here, in a land still quivering to the shock of civil war and the sixth winter of Europe's discontent, there was being staged, with all the trappings of tradition, no less an event than a royal wedding. Seville was the scene of the marriage of Prince Pedro de Orleans-Braganza, grandson of the first Emperor of Brazil and the Princess Esperanza de Bourbon-Orleans.

See Seville, and anything is believable. Even that the Pretenders to the thrones of France, Austria, Brazil, Portugal and Russia—only the Comte de Paris was able to attend—will reign again in a postwar Europe where visas and controls, if they exist at all, will not exist for them.

Meanwhile, I found gathered here, in response to 3,000 invitations, enough of Europe's nobility, aristocracy and landless gentry to give one the impression that the Almanach de Gotha has come to life in a series of balls and parties, routs and revels.

To South America

Now that the spectacle is over and the last of the dukes and duchesses, marquises and countesses has filed past the royal couple before they were swept off in their waiting limousines, I feel I can say, like the bemused Bottom on Midsummer Night: "I have had a most rare vision, I have had a dream." The 16 trunks full of trousseau which will follow the pair to their palatial home in Petropolis, near Rio de Janeiro, when they have finished a three months' honeymoon tour through most of South America, lend a final touch of fantasy that was scarcely needed.

The preparations for the ceremony were outdone by the magnificence of the setting of Seville Cathedral, where even the sight of the choirboys, in slashed doublets, satin breeches and plumed hats, dancing before the altar, while they sang in shrill voices and rattled castanets, caused no surprise. Such is Seville.

By eleven o'clock of the morning of the wedding this stupendous shell of Spanish Gothic was thickly carpeted with humanity. By 11.30 it was impossible to move in and out, except for the privileged 3,000 who had a special entrance. White ties blossomed in the midday sun as the streams of cars drove up with their cargoes of men in dazzling uniforms or in the elegant evening clothes considered proper to the occasion. The women wore their most toileted family jewels, and diamond bracelets over long white gloves, mink and summer ermine. The most glorious of the throng were the grandees of Spain and those belonging to the four orders of Spanish nobility which go back to the Crusades for their inspiration and Wellington's time for their uniforms of white cloaks, scarlet jackets frogged with silver, sky-blue breeches and cocked hats with a fountain of white plumes.

To many of these lordly ones fate has been kind. Dozens of years of good living since the last opportunity to display these fine feathers proved that, though there is no divorce in Franco's Spain, button and buttonhole would unite no more. And a new uniform costs $1,000.

Cardinal Segura, a prince of the Church in the traditional manner, who was expelled by the Republic before the Civil War, crossed the city square in procession from his palace to perform the ceremony. He was assisted by his Cathedral Chapter in choral robes, who took up their places behind the gold grille which surrounds the high altar.

The bridegroom, in white tie and wearing the Order of the Golden Fleece, threaded his way forward. The bride was the 30-year-old daughter of the Infante Don Carlos of Spain, and sister-in-law of Don Juan, the Spanish Pretender. The bridegroom, great grandson of Don Pedro of Brazil, is the cousin of the Brazilian Pretender. Prince Pedro, who is 31, had the French Pretender, the Comte de Paris, beside him at the wedding. The Count is married to Pedro's sister Isabelle.

To avoid dynastic pitfalls it may be enough to say that while everyone already seems related to everybody else the match is held to strengthen the ties between the three great king-producing houses of Bourbon, Braganza and Orleans.

Here in this capital of Andalusia, where roses are blooming in December and trees heavy with oranges line the streets, is the Andalusia Palace, Spain's proudest hotel. It is something royal, from the crowns on the sheets and tableware to the splendid accommodation at $25 a day, meals from $5 upwards. Princes enough to pack a bus, marquises and counts to fill a train, poured into Seville during the week, and most of them settled into this vast Moorish palace, which was built with technicolor magnificence at the whim of the late dictator, Primo de Rivera, in 1928.

Infanta With Entourage

Down in the splendid patio, between suits of armor and brocaded chairs, gentlemen "dressed to kill" in top hats, cutaway morning coats, were bowing and kissing hands as I arrived. At lunchtime the entrance of an Infanta with entourage caused bobbing and curtseying all round.

Entertainments were of two kinds. First, those to which "family friends," the lordly ones of royal blood, were asked, and to these a banquet was given in the bride's home the night before the wedding. Secondly, for the rest of the three thousand who poured into such functions as the gala dinner offered by the Seville Turf Club to "Her Royal Highness the Bride and the most illustrious Prince Pedro".

When I got to bed at one o'clock the dinner was just ending. Until nearly five in the morning the strains of a string orchestra came floating up from the ballroom, where, under a gilt ceiling, men in white ties and women in jewelled ball gowns whirled.

In the Spanish society columns we read excited descriptions of the wedding gifts, which range from an engraved silver dish sent by General Franco to jewels valued at $25,000 from the Seville Red Cross and municipality. So rich and numerous are the presents still pouring into the bride's home that Don Carlos, her father, cancelled the proposed display "in order to avoid competition, gossip and ill-feeling."

From the gossip columns also we learn that the Princess Esperanza gave her fiancé the Star of the Cross of Portugal with brilliants and rubies, that the bridegroom had reciprocated with a solitaire, fittingly enough for the scion of a house that throughout the 18th century made a royal monopoly of the fabulous diamond mines of Brazil.

Don Carlos, the bride's father, presented his daughter with a collar of pearls and a collection of priceless old lace. Don Jaime, brother of Spain's Pretender, Don Juan, who is in Switzerland, offered a set of Bohemian jugs with silver lids.

Don Duarte Nuno, Portuguese Pretender, was expected two weeks before the wedding, but was held up somewhere on the French frontier. Similarly Archduke Otto, Pretender to the throne of Austria, has failed at the time of writing to make the rest of the journey from Lisbon, where he recently arrived from America.

In the Cathedral, as they took up their places behind the lofty golden bar of the grille which surrounds the High Altar, the bridal procession came forward—the bride with a 10 foot satin train, tall, slender, a-foam in Orleans lace, on the arm of her elderly father, who wore the red ribbon and diamonds of the Golden Fleece. The bridegroom was wearing the same order with white tie and tails. After them, slowly, in twos and threes to the number of 20 or more, jingling with stars and medals and gleaming with jewels, there passed all the royalties of Europe and the former empire of Brazil here gathered.

Then back to the glare of the streets, with perhaps a thousand cars parked all around the cathedral, and return to the glitter of the Andalusia Palace for the wedding banquet.

For old times' sake, here is the menu: Assorted canapés, pheasant pâté, fois gras steeped in port, chicken broth, lobster medallions à la Indiana, with rice curry, chicken breast with moussé of ham and timbales barina, Bombe ice-cream, Brazilian style, petits fours, wedding cake—with almond icing, of course—fruit, bananas, oranges, pineapples, grapes, pears and nectarines, Moka coffee. To float this down there were vintage sherry, Rhine wines, 1890 Burgundy, much champagne and many liqueurs.

Royal Levee

The banquet ended soon after four, and then came the reception, at which all the wealth and pageant of Spain thronged in to congratulate the bride and curtsey to royalty. It might have been a royal levee, to judge by the velvet, laces, fabulous hats, dazzling jewels, epaulettes and leg-boots, tasselled swords, golden spurs, furs and ostrich feather that paraded and pirouetted in the sunny patio or under the crystal candles of the ballroom.

The army is enthusiastic about the royal wedding. A week before the wedding day Captain-General Andalucia was told to present to Prince Carlos the homage of all his generals, accompanied with a gift of plate, and hundreds of Regular officers were present at the reception with an occasional Iron Cross among the medals.

What does it all mean? What is it all, as they say, in aid of? In this gold-fish bowl, this never-never land, this country of cloud cuckoo that is Seville today, 3,000 of the best-dressed people in the world suppose that they know. Looking out at the crowds, gaping in astonishment as the aristocratic equipages disgorge their freight, I wonder.

High up on the topmost tower of Seville there broods a figure representing Faith. It looks solid, looks secure, but turns with the wind and is twice the size of life.

New York Dress Institute.

Embroidered with chalk white paillettes, the gold-color swagger coat contrasts with the dress in white shantung. Pockets curve from waist.

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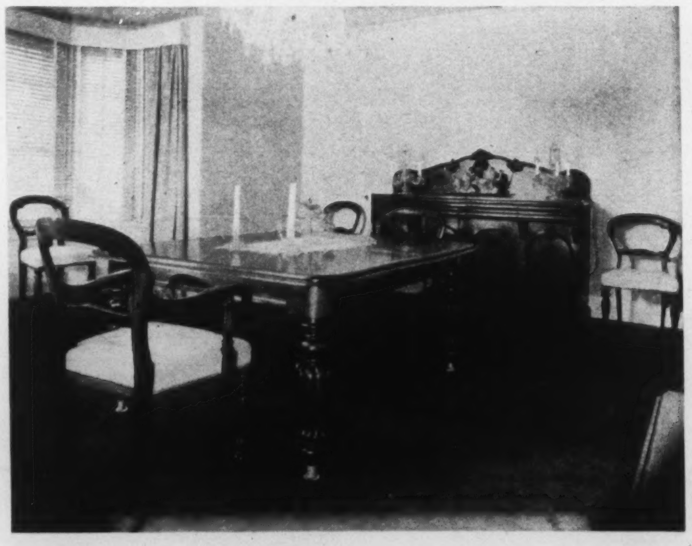

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Snow White and Seven Calamities and Last of the Stockings

By LEONORA McNEILLY

IF IT so happens that you have never seen "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," take it from me that that show was completely dwarfed by "Snow White and the Seven Calamities." This show, billed for December 12, 1944, blitzed in in the night at the rate of forty knots an hour. By morning, most of the show's properties were a drift—or lodged on our doorstep. Full stop after seven was merely a sop to Lady Luck. For the calamities could not be stopped. They put on a continuous performance with John Public in the role of tragedy.

First and foremost, Calamity No. 1 sat at the breakfast table sponsoring no cream, no milk, no adequately vitamined toast. Before we could properly assimilate this catastrophe, we saw what looked like Mahomet moving in on us. The Mountain to whom we had always gone, coming to us! It would surely take horsepower to remove it. But we would try manpower.

"No, ma'm," said the Salvation Army, when queried, "not a man in the place. Where would you get a man to venture out with a shovel on a day like this, ma'm?"

No Ceiling On Snow

Helplessly we peered up and down the street. Presently we saw what looked like a small boy's head and a shovel sticking out of a snowbank. We sallied forth, called, flourished a two dollar bill. What? Shovelling for two dollars? It was an insult! We thought it was a bonanza—to a small boy. But no price ceiling came to our aid to support this thesis. The Wartime Prices and Trade Board unquestionably tread where angels fear to tread. But not in a snow bank. They *do* know their limitations.

From this last calamity we were diverted by the postman—floundering and puffing, a lone letter in his hand. He shouted ingloriously as we flung wide the door that one measly letter was not worth battling his way to our door. He would call again, thank you—presumably when the snow metamorphosed into a river and he could arrive in a boat.

We thought we had endured enough. But the absence of our newspaper left us without an idea in our head. For once the press was muzzled. And John Public who used sometimes to set up a howl because it wasn't, now howled because it was. For the first time in history the Storm King had calamitously closed its mouth, a calamity open to question, it seems, in some quarters.

But the grapevine telegraphy stepped into the breach. Through this medium, transmitted via the telephone, not yet incapacitated, we learned as we sat before a grate fire in a veritable morass of frustration, that a couple of pairs of stockings were going on sale at a little store on a side street. It was enough. No storm could hold us. But we had to be on the spot, we were warned. We were on several spots en route—bad spots, and by the time we got out, the stockings were gone.

Still, there were a few pairs previously advertised at one of the big stores downtown. If we hurried—But the street car company's valiant attempts to bridge the Storm King's various spearheads being repulsed by two automobiles determined to park on the fender of its service, did not contribute to haste. Nor did our being on the fringes of the madding crowd leap-frogging its way to another car contribute to an easy, hasty exit. The laboriously closing doors missed *our* fringes by a hair-breadth. We were in. But just try to get out. With a Herculean effort, we unpinioned one arm, held out a ticket: "Take it, please, motorman. We want out." (We had reached our destination) "Here! This door, *please!*" *Mais non.* He turned a sullen eye upon us. Shook his thick head. Banged the accelerator with his big foot. He had taken us seven blocks beyond our destination. Only the tightly bolted doors prevented our committing hara-kari.

Casualties

Time was the essence of the agreement for the stockings to disappear. They disappeared in record time—exactly five minutes, we were told, leaving only the casualties lying on the field of battle, some minus a mate, some a toe.

Why list further calamities? We had had enough to give us pause—mentally as well as physically. We took stock of the damage. True, the Storm King and his Storm Troopers had sabotaged our transport system, the baker, the butcher, the candlestick maker. But he had sabotaged too our smug complacency. Henceforth, we would not take these services as a matter of course. We would accord due respect to those who had served us with clocklike precision, day in, day out, terminated only once in a blue moon when Dame Nature took a convulsion, staged a blizzard or what have you? in this matchless Canada of ours.

New York Dress Institute.

The pique-defining revers of this grey wool suit are attached to the blouse completing this Spring costume. Jacket pockets carry out the neckline detail, and are buttoned, like the jacket closing, in gold.

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CONCERNING FOOD

Personal Attention for a Cellar's Most Important Occupant

By JANET MARCH

THAT strange clan of men who travel from house to house in the early morning hours fixing furnaces and shovelling snow seems to be a dying race. What is more cozy than to lie in bed and hear the noisy clang of someone else dealing with that insatiable monster in the cellar? At first when you take doubtfully to furnace care you will poke the shovel in the door and then adjust the coal with the poker afterwards, so that it is spread evenly. This is the sissy's way. If you are a red-blooded furnace minder you will soon be pitching the lot at the door. When you miss—well, you can cover up your shame at your bad aim by laboriously picking up the pieces or by waiting till you have missed so often that you have a large heap and can shovel the works on. The glorious feeling the first time you hit the bullseye and the coal is scattered evenly all over the firepot is very like the way you felt the first time you flipped a pancake and caught it successfully at the camp fire. All memory of the other pancakes lost on the pine needles and the mess of coal on the floor vanishes with success in these two branches of housekeeping.

Firing the furnace is good clean sport—which can't be said for the job of de-firing it, in fact the less said about ashes the better. The only good thing about them is when they are spread on a slippery piece of road so that you can start your car and not use up all your few remaining gallons sitting still while the wheels spin.

Conspicuously absent from the color advertisements of postwar travelling markets, lighted refrigerators with revolving shelves and glass sided houses, are pictures of the furnace of the new age. Surely some bright boy could think up a little door where you could shove in your stew, your beef à la mode or your bean soup and let them simmer just the way they used to on great-grannie's coal range. In a great part of this country furnaces burn seven to eight months in the year, and surely some great brain can work out a way to give us back the benefits of long, slow cookery. Wouldn't it be terrible, though, if the furnace man stole your prized casserole dish, unable to resist its delicious smell, and you were left dinnerless?

This seems to be the right time of year to consider some hot thick soups.

Fish Chowder

- 2 pounds of haddock fillets
- ¼ pound of salt pork
- 3 sliced onions
- 1 cup of canned tomatoes
- 2 bouillon cubes dissolved in four cups of water or
- 1 can of consommé with 2 cups of water added
- 6 potatoes
- 1½ cups of milk

Cut the salt pork in half-inch squares and fry till the pieces are crisp, then add the sliced onions, the cup of tomatoes, the bouillon cubes, and let the mixture simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Peel the potatoes, cut them in half-inch squares and add them. Cook for twenty minutes, then add the fish in small pieces and simmer another fifteen minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper and a little paprika. Add the milk and serve very hot.

Creole Soup

- 5 cups of beef stock
- 1 cup of cooked boiled rice
- 1 onion chopped finely
- 2 teaspoons of grated horse-radish
- ½ green pepper chopped
- 1½ cups of canned tomatoes
- 1 tablespoon of vinegar
- 4 tablespoons of fat
- 3 tablespoons of flour
- Salt and pepper

Melt the fat and sauté the chopped green pepper and the onion for ten minutes. Then strain and put the vegetables in another pot and stir the flour into the remaining fat. Add the beef stock (of course you can use canned consommé) and stir till it thickens slightly. Add the tomatoes and then the horseradish, rice and vinegar.

There has been quite a lot in the papers about the possibility of the large families found in Quebec being explained by the French-Canadian habit of eating pea soup. In case you would like to try it, here's a recipe.

Pea Soup

- 1 cup of dried beans
- ½ pound of salt pork
- 3 pints of water
- 2 potatoes
- 2 onions
- 1 cupful of turnip
- 6 radishes
- Salt and pepper
- A bouquet of sage, thyme, savory and mint

Soak the peas overnight and then drain. Put them in a heavy covered soup kettle and add the salt pork cut in small pieces and the potatoes, onions, turnip and radishes also cut up. Add the water and the seasonings and simmer for about three hours. Then rub the mixture through a sieve and serve with fried croutons. I hope you have twins.

Overseas Mail

THOUSANDS of letters for our boys overseas are not addressed properly or legibly. Here are the rules to follow if you would avoid disappointing a lad over there:

First: Take time the print the full address in block letters. Second: Check carefully to see that it is complete. Many delays are caused by writers omitting the name and number of the unit. Remember to include every detail of his address: Regimental number, Rank, Name, Initials—Full details of unit, that is, Company, Battery etc.—Regiment or branch of service—Canadian Army Overseas. Third: If you are writing to a man in hospital, give the usual complete address, then write the words "IN HOSPITAL", in large letters, preferably in red ink. By doing this, you make sure that your letter will go straight to your man, without delays.

Exactly the same procedure should be followed in addressing parcels for overseas. But before addressing parcels, make sure that you have not packed fresh fruit, "squashy" foods, or anything in glass containers. Remember, your parcel may happen to be one of those lying at the bottom of thousands of pounds of parcels in the ship's hold. Don't risk having the contents of your box turned to "mush" under this terrific weight. Always use the corrugated paper boxes for packing for overseas. And *don't*—as you value the lives of our sailors and our ships at sea—don't risk causing a fire by packing matches (not even "safety" matches) or lighter fluid in overseas parcels.

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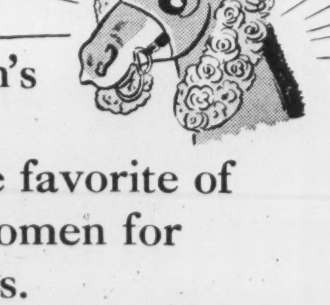

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THE OTHER PAGE

Billy's Sunday; or This Is the Golden Age of Youth All Right

By W. R. WATSON

"WHEN are you going to get the car out?" asked the doctor's wife.

"When the driveway's cleared," said the doctor.

"That shouldn't take you long," said the wife.

"Me? Haven't you read in the papers about all the middle-aged men dying of heart failure from shovelling snow?"

"Oh well—what about a high school boy?"

"Look here what it says tonight. High school boys earning eighteen and twenty dollars a day! There's no ceiling on snow shovelling; they can get anything they want. It's driveway robbery."

"Well, what about little Billy across the street?"

"That puny ittle fellow?"

"He's quite a boy. Here, you phone him. He's MI 7821." . . .

"HELLO, may I speak to Billy?"

"Billy speaking," came a shrill voice from the other end.

"Billy—er—this is Dr. Dawes from across the street. I was wondering if you'd like to clear the snow from our driveway. Have you done your father's yet?"

"Naw; he won't pay me nuthin'."

"Oh, Ill pay you, Billy. How much do you want?"

"How big's the driveway? How wide and how long do you want shovelled?"

"Mm—say about—seven feet wide and forty feet from garage door to road."

"All right. My friend Jimmy did one like that yesterday. I'll get him to help me. That'll be two bucks fifty."

"That'll be what?"

"Two bucks fifty, cash in advance."

"Oh, all right, Billy. When can you do it?"

"Not till Saturday, when there's no school."

"Not till Saturday? This is only Thursday!"

"Can't help it. Take it or leave it. Saturday, two bucks fifty."

"I'll take it; I'll slip the money in an envelope tonight and drop it through your letter slot in the morning."

"O.K."

"And Billy. You know where my garage is? Yes, up the street from you at 67. That's right. Goodbye." . . .

"WHAT kept you so long?" asked the doctor's wife on Sunday. "We'll be late for dinner, and you know the Simpsons."

"I couldn't get the car out of the garage."

"Frozen?"

"No. The strip Billy cleared wasn't wide enough nor straight enough."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Went to see Billy. When I told him about it he said he couldn't come out. Sent me to Jimmy's place. Jimmy brought two shovels. Between the two of us we got the snow cleared enough to back the car out."

"Nice boy, Jimmy!"

"Yes. Know what he told me? Said he cleared the neighboring driveway for fifty cents."

"What did Billy pay him to help with ours?"

"Billy gave him fifty cents to do half the job. Jimmy said it was twice as much for half the work he did on the other driveway because he had to do the other alone."

"Half the work! Why couldn't Billy come out today?"

"He told me it was Sunday and his father wouldn't let him."

"Quite a boy, Billy," said the doctor's wife. "His people are Seventh Day Adventists. As a matter of fact yesterday was Billy's Sunday!"

A Memory From Childhood

(When Great Men Discuss the Future of the Small Countries)

THERE were tight yellow roses on
the briar by the high front steps,
And swallows dipping and darting
through the blue light over the
river.
And I thought,
And I said,
In the mute secret child-talk that is
neither thinking nor saying,
"Twenty-five cents is good pay for
one honey-pail full of wild strawberries!"

The coin was cool in my hand,
And white against the berry-stains
still on my fingers. . .
"That's what the world is!
A big warm hand holding twenty-five-cent pieces!. . .

To-morrow I will buy the little red
boat with the sail. . .
A white sail, to float on the dark
water!"

The big boy from the house next-door came whistling over the
lawn.
He slouched against the railing of
our front porch
And looked down hard on the silver
tight in my fist.
And then he grinned, and he said,
"Hello, Small Fry!"

When my big brother came round
from the kitchen-garden
The big boy was twisting my elbow,
And I was sobbing, "It's mine! It's
mine! It's mine!"
And the round white money was cutting into my palm.

MY BROTHER was twelve . . . and
brave!
Now he sat where the big boy had
sat, and looked down
Into my hand, all bruises and stains
and white money.
"Gee, thanks! He just about got it!"
My brother was silent. . . At last,
"You'd better give it to me," he said;
"I'll put my money to it
And buy a brand-new tube for the
front tire of my bike!
You can learn to ride it, some day,
if you want,
Since your bit of money is in the
thing. . ."

He paid no heed
To the words I kept trying to piece
together:
"My boat! The little red boat in the
toyshop window!"
I didn't know, quite, how it happened—
What with me just finished sobbing,
and both of us talking at once,
And him beating up on the boy next-door, for me—
But, somehow,
I was alone on the step, and my
hand was empty.

It should be good to learn to ride
a bike
He rides so well. . . but, sudden and
blind, there was only
Rage and hate and inarticulate fury,
And the hot noon sun, and thistles
in the grass, and the honey-pail
filling so slowly with wild-strawberries.

A gray sparrow balanced herself on
a lilac twig and teetered toward
me.
I showed her my empty hand, and
told her, now that the words would
come,
"I hate him! I hate him as much as
I hate the boy next-door!
Some day I *will* have the boat—
A tiny red boat with a white sail, to
float on the dark-blue water!"

BLANCHE I. POWNALL.

"READINESS"

NEIGHBOR,
When you send forth your
prayer—
Think one thought more.

With friendly care
Ask for
Some special benison to fall
On un-named lads
Whose flyers are in thrall
Caught by the enemy:
And more

Or most of all
On him who straps a pilot
In his little plane
Knowing that tenderest
Yet greatest strain
Of having done all
In skilled sincerity

Against the bitter
Haunting probability
Of never seeing him again.
He who,
The fighter being lost,
Is most bewildered
And most wild,

Most spirit-and-feeling-tossed—
Most like a mother
Bereaved of a child—
Whose life and living
Come to a little end
Losing a purpose, comrade, brother,
Playmate, hero, friend.

EMILY LEAVENS

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . .

a tiny waist. doll-like in dimension, Parisienne in influence . . . a **small bag.** soft, squashy, and faille for afternoon . . . the bland-browed **bonnet cloche** rising to new heights, terminating flatly up top . . . **important jewellery.** attention begetting, marking a minimized waist . . . the sudden debut of the new at

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Britain's Prosperity Is in the Balance

By GILBERT C. LAYTON
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

Britain can be prosperous in the postwar, says Mr. Layton, but there still must be doubt that she will. Her war record as revealed in the White Paper shows that she has the capacity. But that record was made possible by compulsion and singleness of purpose and a new inspiration is needed if the same results are to be achieved in the peace.

London.

THE White Paper on the British war effort greatly surprised a world that had been too little informed on the subject by British propaganda. Not least in the United States, where what is not publicized so often goes by default, it provided a much-needed corrective to public opinion. In Britain itself, this momentous record of achievement has provoked little surprise, for everyone knew how great the effort had been and the statistics only confirmed experience, but it has yielded a valuable confidence for the future.

If Britain could do so much in war, what is there that she cannot do, what is there that she should fear, in the enterprises of peace? It is hardly too much to say that in many sections of public opinion it had been considered likely that the lion's share in war would become a mouse's share in peace. There was much loose talk about Great Britain having become a small island again. It was as though the masochistic satisfaction of self-depreciation was being sought sedulously in the very fact that Britain had destroyed in her giant war effort so much of the substance that would ease the path of peace. The White Paper ot rid of the disease of defeatism.

Perhaps it is uncharitable to suggest now, when 1945 stretches ahead in all its promise and inscrutability, that we should beware of making too strict a comparison between what has been possible in the war and what will be possible in the peace, but it is important that the main points of difference between the stimuli, the organization, the control, and the intention, of war and peace should be noted.

First of all should perhaps be mentioned the "political party" of war.

What has, on the political side, enabled Britain to work the wonders recorded in the White Paper and seen on the war fronts has been the abstention from opposition to the will of government. This is not simply to say that opposition would have been effective in reversing official decisions, but, infinitely more important, it has meant that government has operated in a realm of freedom that has vastly enlarged the scope of its decision-making.

Knowing there would be no opposition, every possible thing that the people could do, in the factories and workshops and in the fields and in their homes, has ben demanded of them. And because of the sense of war urgency nothing has been denied.

Wages an Exception

To this broad ruling only one major exception exists. To the extent that Britain has encountered inflation—and it is a real, if not dangerous, extent—the blunt and decisive antagonism of the workers, through their Trade Unions mostly but sometimes in defiance of Union ruling, to a wages policy must be blamed. Here, however, this action was presumably considered justifiable because what

(*Continued on Page 31*)

The campaign in Burma, now fast approaching victorious conclusion, as Chinese, British and Indian forces gradually draw an arc about Mandalay, key Jap supply base in South Burma, represents a genuine triumph of inter-Allied cooperation. Here American-trained Chinese tankists in U.S. tanks ford a jungle stream on their way to the front. Tanks like these participated in the capture of Bhamo and are now helping to push the Japs southward. Below: British engineers, part of Lt.-Gen. Slim's British 14th Army, lay lines for telephone communication between Brigade H.Q. and a strategic village captured in the drive toward Mandalay.

Closing the arc from the west British and troops of the 15th Indian Corps are making progress against stiff Japanese opposition. Below: Lance Naik George, an Indian dispatch rider, who has already ridden more than 30,000 miles through one of the world's toughest battle areas—Arakan, gets his instructions at Divisional Headquarters. In addition to Chinese, British and Indian troops, a unit of native British West African troops are advancing southward in the Kaladan Valley of Arakan.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Faults in International Fund?

By P. M. RICHARDS

AS MOST Canadians presumably know by now, this country, because of its great dependence on foreign markets for its products (nearly one-third of its national income came from foreign trade in the years between the two World Wars), is vitally concerned in the outcome of the proposals advanced at Bretton Woods last summer for an orderly system of international exchange and for an international bank to promote general postwar reconstruction and development. Also as everyone knows, those proposals, though the product of a conference of forty-four nations, have ever since been under heavy fire from many quarters.

An interesting American contribution to the argument is made currently by I. de Vegh in *Barron's Weekly*. He says that while there is little doubt that a mechanism for making international loans on a short-term basis will be needed in the postwar world, there are two questions about the practicability of present plans along these lines. One is whether the mechanism evolved at Bretton Woods is suited to the purpose, and the other is how soon such a mechanism will be needed after the war.

A previous article by De Vegh in *Barron's* showed the real need, in normal times, for general purpose borrowing to bridge temporary gaps in a country's ability to buy the foreign goods and services it wants and requires. Reasons why the traditional gold standard mechanism cannot be restored were given, and it was shown that regulated methods of short-term lending and exchange depreciation are the only alternatives to universal exchange control, which latter cannot be other than a barrier to trade. As proposed, the International Monetary Fund is a short-term credit institution designed to meet the short-term needs previously described. For that purpose the member countries would subscribe a total fund of $8.8 billion, in gold and in their own currencies, with the United States contributing $2.75 billion.

The Right to Borrow

However, under the provisions, De Vegh says, any country experiencing a shortage of foreign currencies would be "entitled" to borrow them within certain complicated, but by no means stringent, limitations. In return for this right to borrow, member countries commit themselves not to engage in currency wars, but only to depreciate their currencies in an orderly manner according to certain prescribed rules. They also accept restrictions on the use of foreign exchange control devices, but no mention is made of other methods of controlling trade, which experience has shown to be equally effective.

The right to borrow is camouflaged by an elaborate pretence of sales and purchases, says De Vegh. Countries would not officially borrow from the fund; they would "buy" the currencies of their fellow members and pay with their own currency. Obviously, the latter costs them nothing and can be manufactured for the purpose, so that the substance of the transaction is an advance of foreign exchange from the Fund to the "buyer." The whole organization of the Fund, it is argued, is based on this unfortunate pretence that all participations are equal in character, regardless of whether a country goes to the Fund to "buy" the currencies of other members for its own currency, or whether other members are "buying" its currency from the Fund.

A Decisive Weakness

This right to borrow, the *Barron's* writer asserts, is the decisive weakness of the Fund proposal. It is in complete contrast, he says, to the provisions of the Reconstruction Bank proposal. Control of the resources turned over to the Reconstruction Bank is vested in the management of the bank itself. The management can, and presumably would try, to use common sense and to preserve respect for the interests of the community of nations. The management of the International Monetary Fund, on the other hand, is obliged to hand out money up to predetermined quotas. This takes away from the creditor his right to decide to whom and on what terms he proposes to lend, and vests effective control in the borrowers. As soon as the initial subscriptions are turned over to the Fund, it is largely the borrowers who decide when and how much they choose to draw.

This, it is claimed, is contrary both to common sense and to United States interests. De Vegh says it is evident that the United States dollar is considered the principal scarce currency and that the Fund will have to make it available to borrowers. "If we are willing to extend $2,750 million of low-cost dollar credits to foreign countries, we must be in a position to lay down the conditions, the timing, and the amounts in which such resources will be made available. Vesting in the borrowers the right to borrow also means that the Fund contains no real safeguards against its abuse for concealed long-term financing. If the countries are granted a right to borrow from the International Monetary Fund, they are in a position to go ahead with pet construction projects even if potential creditors, including the Reconstruction Bank, have turned them down.

"This hazard," De Vegh continues, "is aggravated by the faulty timing of the Fund. In the immediate postwar period the need will be greatest on long-term loans, for reconstruction, for working capital, for reorganization of monetary structures. These are or should be the functions of the Reconstruction Bank. Foreign exchange accommodation for general purposes such as envisaged by the International Monetary Fund is not needed during the period of transition; in fact, it is completely unsuited for the problems of transition and wide open to abuse."

(Continued from Page 30)

was involved was money alone. The provision of war weapons was not endangered by it.

As a corollary of the political unity there has been an economic unity in the broadest sense which no precedent would enable us to hope for in peacetime circumstances.

It is true that many concerns aver that they will retain as a permanent feature the joint management councils, on which workers sit with equal voice to orthodox management, but this is really a small thing in the last analysis. What is bigger is that industry voluntarily, or at least without cavil, accepted the concentration screw and other strictures which closed down factories, linked productive enterprise, usurped directing Boards, and generally regimented the whole of the productive apparatus of industry for the service of the war.

Thirdly, and underlying all other things, has been the acceptance by the people of the war as a vitally necessary process.

It is true that nobody has sought to remove the motive of profit from the wage-earner (though the Excess Profits Tax removed it from the company and the investor), but it was not this motive that inspired the nation to suffer the agony of the blackout, the monotony of cut rations, the trial of long hours at work, the hardships of clothing restriction, the pangs of separation that mobility of labor no less than the requirements of the Services dictated. This was a unity in which all things were possible, and so many great things were achieved.

Different in Peace

In peace, of course, it will be very different.

If it is said that nobody should fear for the future of the export trades because British industrial productivity per head was greater in war than that of any other nation whatsoever, it must be answered that peace will provide no comparable spur, offer no comparable organization of production, and that exports are competitive.

If it is said that nobody should worry about the cost of social insurance or finance at all in the multitudinous functions of reconstruction, it must be answered that industry cannot in peacetime pay wages in excess of what industrial profitability orders, that inflation has already got a hold and must threaten to get much stronger, that the Government has absolutely controlled the monetary mechanism, determining interest rates and prohibiting private issues of capital, and that these conditions are mose unlikely to persist into peace.

If it is said that the British worker in a week produced more guns and tanks and planes than the American or the Russian or the German, it must be answered that the Trade Unions have declared that when the war ends we must have a 40-hour week, without reduction in wage rates.

So it will not do to argue too literally from the premises of war to the conclusions of peace. Nevertheless, it is valid to say that a country that could achieve so much under one compulsion could achieve as much again under a correspondingly strong other compulsion. The great need is to find the inspiration that will provide the compulsion.

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THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established A.D. 1887
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Printed and Published in Canada
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
CORNER OF RICHMOND AND SHEPPARD STREETS, TORONTO 1, CANADA
MONTREAL..........Birks Bldg.
NEW YORK..........Room 512, 101 Park Ave.
E. R. Milling - - - Business Manager
C. T. Croucher - Assistant Business Manager
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Company Reports

National Life

SOLID progress was made during 1944 by the National Life Assurance Company of Canada. Business in force was increased from $75,039,370 to $81,106,943. Total assets were increased by $1,185,602, as compared with an increase of $910,758 in the previous year. Policy and annuity reserves were increased from $14,178,561 to $15,084,299. After providing $119,835 for dividends to policyholders, as compared with $117,427 in 1943, the contingency reserves for the further protection of policyholders, including the paid in capital, were increased from $629,249, to $717,688. Total receipts were increased from $2,602,339 to $2,902,282. Payments to policyholders, annuitants and beneficiaries were $1,068,596, as compared with $1,013,910 in 1943. The company continued its substantial support of the country's war financing by increasing its holdings of Dominion bonds by $2,491,922. Its investment in Victory Bonds during the year exceeded its total premium income by $618,573. This heavy investment in Victory Bonds had the effect of reducing the average rate of interest earned on invested assets from 4.02 to 3.82 per cent.

Continental Life

TOTAL business in force of the Continental Life Insurance Company at the end of 1944 was $60,430,090, showing an increase for the year of 10.48 per cent. Total assets amounted to $13,833,309, showing an increase for the year of $1,030,001. Total receipts were $2,501,795, as compared with $2,189,803 in 1943. Payments to policyholders and beneficiaries amounted to $861,659, including death and disability claims, matured endowments, dividends, surrender values, annuities, amounts on deposits withdrawn, etc. Death claims reported amounted to $297,742, of which $13,462 was reinsured. In 1943 payments to policyholders and beneficiaries, net, amounted to $668,217. Policy and annuity reserves at the end of the year totalled $11,708,462, as compared with $10,901,175 at the end of 1943. Including policy and annuity reserves, special reserves and all liabilities except capital, the total liabilities at December 31, 1944, amounted to $13,207,298, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of $626,010, as compared with $589,575 at the end of the previous year.

Canada Cement

ON a reduced volume of sales and with increased costs, the earnings of Canada Cement Co. Ltd., for the fiscal year ended November 30, 1944 showed a moderate reduction as compared with those for the preceding year. Net after all charges was equal to $4.12 a share on the outstanding 6½ per cent preferred stock as against $4.72 a share reported for the year before.

Outstanding funded debt was reduced by $1,500,000 during the past year, despite which net working capital position was relatively well maintained. In discussing the early prospects for company in the report, J. D. Johnson, president, states that outlook is beclouded with trend of sales still downward.

Operating profits for the fiscal year to November 30, 1944 are reported

(Continued on Page 35)

Tomorrow's Success
means
Planning Today

CONSENSUS of opinion is unanimous that post-war business operations need planning NOW. To meet the looming new conditions and problems of management, the control of production and distribution, a primary "must" will be efficiency in the "executive workshop". That calls for GOOD TOOLS!

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Wool Combing Corporation of Canada Ltd.

(Incorporated under the laws of the Dominion of Canada)

Capitalization

	Authorized	Issued
Shares of the par value of $5 each..	50,000 shares	50,000 shares

Transfer Agent and Registrar: The Royal Trust Company, Toronto

The listing of these shares on The Toronto Stock Exchange has been approved subject to evidence of satisfactory distribution being furnished.

We offer these shares subject to the approval of all legal details by our counsel, Messrs. Fraser, Beatty, Tucker, McIntosh & Stewart, Toronto.

The right is reserved to reject any application or to allot a smaller number of shares than that applied for.

Price: $15.50 per share

yielding about 6.45% on the current rate of dividend of $1 per share per annum.

It is expected that Definitive Share Certificates will be available for delivery on or about January 22, 1945.

These shares are not being issued from the Treasury of the Company and the proceeds of the sale of the same by us will not be paid to the Company.

The Company

Wool Combing Corporation of Canada Ltd. was incorporated on July 16th, 1940, with head office in Toronto for the purpose of establishing and operating a wool scouring and combing plant in Canada to process raw wool into worsted tops. The Company's plant is located at Acton, Ontario.

Earnings for the four years ending December 31, 1944, were as follows:

1941	1942	1943	1944
$7,967.20	$70,016.44	$69,528.20	$75,598.27

Note—The above earnings are inclusive of the refundable portion of the excess profits tax of $798.25 in 1942, $4,876.36 in 1943, and $6,827.98 in 1944.

Net current assets after deducting all liabilities amounted to $176,137.30 as of December 31st, 1944.

Management: The operation of the company is under the able direction of the President, the Rt. Hon. Lord Barnby, C.M.G., C.B.E., M.V.O., the Vice President, Leslie Biggin, and the General Manager and Treasurer, K. Markon, all of whom have been closely associated with the wool textile industry for many years in Canada, England and the United States.

Burns Bros. & Denton, Limited

244 Bay Street, Toronto

Telephone AD. 9371

The information contained herein is based upon statements and statistics which we believe to be reliable. We do not guarantee, but believe the information contained herein to be true.

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

P. H. R., Gananoque, Ont.—Your question is answered by the statement of J. A. Fraser, president of BILTMORE HATS LTD., that the present position of the company is sound, but that at present the business outlook for the coming year is obscure and it is difficult under existing conditions to forecast. The company's report for the year ended Nov. 30, 1944, showed a decline in operating profits from $239,554 for 1943 to $180,610. The provision for income and excess profits taxes, however, cut down the difference considerably, the total in 1943 being $112,-185 compared with $80,772 for 1944. Allowing for the deduction from taxes of the refundable portion, net for 1944 was equal to $85,864 as compared with $86,401, or $1.07 on each of 80,-000 shares of common stock against $1.08 in 1943, or distributable net of $1 for 1944 as against 92 cents for 1943. Net working capital during the year was increased from $456,886 to $501,674.

A.R.N., Welland, Ont. — ORTONA GOLD MINES, with 11 claims in the Mud Lake area of Quebec, has for some time been looked upon as a promising prospect. It is being financed by Cobalt Products Limited, and has approximately $150,000 in the treasury. Prospecting has been proceeding for several months and on surface the No. 1 vein has been exposed for a length of between 300 or 400 feet and for this distance averages about $12 across widths of about a foot. A new discovery near the east boundary of the property and between the No. 1 vein and the McWatters vein gave high assays on surface. Sampling of one section indicated a 60-foot shoot averaging $45 across three feet. First exploratory drill holes to test the recently discovered vein did not, however, give values comparable to those in surface sampling. Considerable work remains to be done before the full possibilities of the occurrence, which has been traced for a length of over 700 feet, are known but the company is well financed for an extensive campaign.

C. N. D., Galt, Ont.—The president of GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO. OF CANADA, A. G. Partridge, stated recently that the company's 1944 net earnings would be approximately the same as in the previous year. The net for 1943 amounted to $12.51 on each share of preferred and $5.59 on the common, including the refundable tax, with $4.51 retained. The dividend payments in 1943 amounted to $4.50 on the common, with an increase to $5 for 1944, including an extra of $2.50 that was paid on Dec. 31, 1944.

W. B. B., Niagara Falls, Ont.—While capacity of the mill at CHESTERVILLE LARDER LAKE GOLD MINING CO. is 700 tons, it is at present operating at just under 400 tons daily and is making little, if any, net profit. At the end of 1943 ore reserves in the explored portion of the mine above the 12th level were estimated at 470,000 tons averaging 0.146 oz. gold per ton, compared with 583,400 tons at the close of the previous year. The labor shortage has curtailed development work. No dividends have been paid since April, 1943, and further distributions seem unlikely until the mill gets back to near capacity. Authorized capital is 2,000,000 shares of which 1,722,559 shares are issued in the hands of the

Canada Vinegars Limited

UNDER normal peacetime operations Canada Vinegars Limited established a successful earnings record and the company having no reconversion problems should experience a return to at least a portion of the former earning power on the cessation of hostilities and relief from the present high level of wartime taxation. The largest manufacturer of vinegar and allied products in Canada, the company is assured of a market at all times and sales for most products have been maintained during the war years with profits affected adversely by the increased excise taxes and no compensating price increase and the heavier income taxes. Production of apple juice has been restricted by government regulations on containers, but owing to a change in these regulations the company was able to produce a limited quantity of this product last year and when restrictions are removed entirely apple juice should add to sales and earnings.

Net profits for the past three years, all of which were retained, have been maintained in the neighborhood of 90c per share to show a good margin over the increased annual dividend rate of 60c a share. Net for the fiscal year ended November 30, 1944, of $81,882 was equal to 89c per share, compared with $81,-150 and 88c a share the preceding year, and with $83,365 and 91c a share for the period ended November 30, 1942. Surplus of $176,793 at November 30, 1944, was an increase from $121,599 at November 30, 1939.

Current assets of $705,787 at November 30, 1944, had a ratio of better than 3 to 1 to current liabilities of $219,068. Net working capital of $486,719 at the same date was up from $402,440 at the end of the previous year, and up from $234,954 at November 30, 1939.

Canada Vinegars Limited has no funded debt nor preferred stock outstanding, authorized capital consisting of 100,000 ordinary shares of no par value of which 92,000 shares are outstanding. Dividends are currently being paid quarterly at the annual rate of 60c per share, the rate having been increased from 10c to 15c quarterly in the final months of last year. Year-end bonuses of 15c were paid for 1944 and 10c per share for 1941, 1942 and 1943. An initial quarterly dividend of 40c a share was paid September 1928 and continued on this basis to March 1936 when reduced to 30c quarterly. A further reduction to 10c quarterly was effected in June 1940 with an increase to 15c in December 1944.

The present company was incorporated in 1928 with a Dominion charter to acquire a company of similar name. The origin of the business dates back to 1898. Canada Vinegars Limited is the largest producer in the Dominion of vinegar and allied products, and operates approximately ten plants in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and Alberta and contemplates the construction of a new modern plant at Vancouver to replace that sold in 1943. The company also has distributing warehouses in New York and Chicago.

Price range and price earnings ratio 1939-1944, inclusive, follows:

	Price Range		Earned	Price Earnings Ratio		Dividends
	High	Low	Per Share	High	Low	Per Share
1944	12¼	8⅞	$0.89	13.8	10.0	$0.60
1943	9¼	8½	0.88	10.5	9.7	0.50
1942	7⅞	4½	0.91	8.7	5.0	0.50
1941	8½	6¼	0.62	13.7	10.1	0.50
1940	15½	5	0.44	35.2	11.4	0.60
1939	15	10	1.04	14.4	9.6	1.20
Average 1939-1944				14.3	9.0	
Approximate Current Average				13.7		
Approximate Yield				4.9%		

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS

Fiscal Year Nov. 30	1944	1943	1942	1941	1940	1939
Net Profit	$ 81,882	$ 81,150	$ 83,365	$ 57,048	$ 40,091	$ 95,383
Surplus	176,793	165,023	129,903	117,538	106,490	121,599
Current Assets	705,787	589,636	570,925	520,019	531,588	492,242
Current Liabilities	219,068	187,196	272,837	267,763	267,653	257,288
Net Working Capital	486,719	402,440	298,098	252,256	263,935	234,954

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Assets Exceed $61,000,000

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
DIVIDEND NO. 232

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of fifteen cents per share, in Canadian Funds, on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January 1945 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Thursday, 1st February next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on 30th December 1944. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
S. M. Wedd
General Manager

Toronto, 20th December 1944

The Royal Bank of Canada
DIVIDEND No. 230

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent (fifteen cents per share) upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Thursday, the first day of March next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st day of January, 1945.

By order of the Board.
S. G. DOBSON
General Manager.

Montreal, Que., January 16, 1945.

BANK OF MONTREAL
ESTABLISHED 1817
DIVIDEND NO. 327

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF FIFTEEN CENTS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after THURSDAY, the FIRST day of MARCH next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 31st January, 1945.

By Order of the Board.
B. C. GARDNER,
General Manager.

Montreal, 16th January, 1945.

McIntyre Porcupine Mines
LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)
DIVIDEND NO. 111

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of fifty-five and one-half cents (55½c) per share in Canadian currency will be paid on March 1, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business February 1, 1945.

By Order of the Board.
W. B. DIX,
Treasurer.

Dated at Toronto, January 16, 1945.

public and 13,000 held in trust for the company. Much interest attaches to exploratory diamond drilling in the east drive on the 12th (1,625-foot level) into the Rose Gold ground. While no orebodies have yet been encountered intriguing possibilities are reported suggested by the new structure. The Chesterville property extends to the northeast for a mile and a half and if recent indications are borne out by future developments they could prove highly important for the company. Values so far secured are low but the nature of the rocks are said to closely resemble ore making structures in the district and further work will be keenly watched.

L. J. E., Toronto, Ont.—I can't tell you what G. TAMBLYN LTD. earned per share for 1944, as the annual report is not yet out. But the company recently stated that sales for the year were substantially above those of 1943 and had made a new all-time high, despite persistent difficulties in respect of certain classes of merchandise. Sales in 1943 amounted to $5,290,978, comparing with $4,825,679 in 1942 and $3,566,791 in 1941. Earnings per share of common were 88 cents for 1943, $1.14 for 1942 and $1.03 for 1941.

W. K. B., Ridgeway, Ont.—Shareholders of CANADA RADIUM MINES, undoubtedly, were overwhelmed by the pretentiousness of the proposal which they recently approved for the sale of their property, but, personally I would not be inclined to retain the shares. It is difficult to understand anyone with knowledge of the company's history being impressed with the magniloquent claims which have been advanced. Over a period of some 18 years there were first efforts to develop radium-bearing ore, then later a variety of other rare minerals and finally in 1941, feldspar was to be produced. Apparently none of these endeavors ever amounted to anything and if the reported minerals existed in sufficient quantities to be produced commercially it is reasonable to expect it would have already been ascertained. Now the extravagant claims in connection with the new deal involve such huge figures as $15,000,000, to be paid in royalties over a period of 20 years, association with a $90,000,000 American corporation and the proposal to erect a smelter larger than the one at Noranda Mines. Incidentally, none of the payments will be forthcoming until the property has been proved to contain big and profitable orebodies. I would think the picture as it has been painted should serve to frighten the speculative public.

R. S. K., Windsor, Ont.—You don't say whether you're holding the common or preferred stock of BELDING-CORTICELLI LTD. In either case, I don't think you need worry about maintenance of dividends. Both classes appear reasonably secure. For the year ended Nov. 30, 1944, recovery in sales to the second-best level in the company's history was reflected in an operating profit of $586,193, up from $470,049. On the common stock, retained net was $8.76 a share for 1944 against $7.13 for 1943 and $13.13 for 1942; including refundable tax, common net was $14.17 against $9.10 for 1943 and $18.82 for 1942. Dividends at the aggregate $6 rate of recent years were therefore well covered again. Retained net was more than double the $7 preferred dividend. Net working capital at Nov. 30, 1944, was $1,655,169, up from $1,599,311 in 1943 and $1,030,163 in 1939. Current assets were $2,182,894, of which cash and Dominion bonds totalled $940,152. Accumulated refundable tax is $98,028.

P. W. D., Sudbury, Ont.—I would suggest you communicate with the Mining, Metallurgical & Chemical Branch of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Ottawa, or H. C. Kickaby, Deputy Minister, Ontario Department of Mines, Toronto, for information as to the market for silica. Silica sand is used in the manufacture of glass and carborundum and for steel and filtration plants, etc., but I believe most of this is imported. Crushed silica rock is processed into bricks which are utilized in furnace construction and repairs.

L.R.T., Winnipeg, Man. — SILANCO MINING & SMELTING CORP. has extensive holdings in the Cobalt camp and has under consideration erection of a small smelter for the treatment of cobalt ores. With a smelter available the company will be placed in a more favorable position with regard to marketing its products. The smelter will handle 10 tons of concentrates daily and it is anticipated will treat the entire output of the camp, with Silanco either buying the concentrates from other producers or treating them on a customs basis. Since operations began in September 1943, the mill has been at capacity of about 100 tons daily and I understand profits have been consistent. Its property holdings include the Agaunico, Beaver, Temiskaming and other properties. At the Agaunico mine where drilling was commenced last summer, results have lengthened the property's ore possibilities.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Current Market Phenomena

BY HARUSPEX

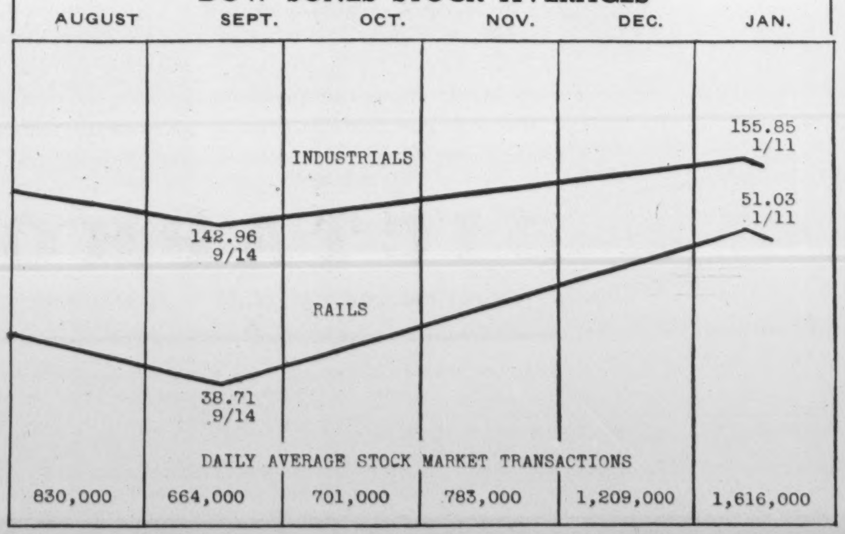
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR NEW YORK MARKET TREND: Stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, completed a zone of distribution in July 1943, now being renewed, preparatory to eventual cyclical decline.

THE SHORT TERM, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND of the market is to be classed as upward from the mid-September 1944 low points of 142.96 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 38.71 on the rail average. For detailed discussion of technical position, see remarks below.

With renewal of military activity on the German East Front by the Russian Armies, the market has shown some hesitation—a not unnatural development in the light of the current high level of prices and the general vulnerability of stocks to war's termination. Pending actual evidence, on either front, that German major resistance has ended, it is doubtful, however, that events, such as the Russian advance just alluded to, will have other than passing effect. In other words, the stock market, since July 1943, **has been reflecting relatively favorable war earnings** and probably will continue its churning movement, with moderate price advance here and there, so long as heavy war production remains assured. With termination of the German war, various cuts in spending for munitions will be witnessed, however, and then will come the real test as to the market's ability to hold its present elevated plateau.

Meanwhile, phenomena of the current period are in direct contrast with the extended purchasing area running from early 1941 into mid-1942. Then (1) prices were depressed, (2) new low levels were being touched by stocks at intervals of several months, (3) few would touch low-priced issues like International Telephone below 2 and Radio below 3, (4) volume of trading was extremely low, (5) and the news background was acutely dismal. Today, to the contrary, (1) the Dow-Jones industrials are some 69% higher than their April 1942 support point, (2) occasional new highs by a slight margin are being intermittently made by the popular stock averages, (3) "cats and dogs" are in great demand at 500% to 1,000% above their 1941/42 levels, (4) volume of turnover is heavy, and (5) news reports—both military and economic are favorable. Another factor of recent interest has been the tendency of various companies to split their shares—frequently an earmark of important stock distribution.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



In Planning Your Will

it is well to remember that your Will is the keystone of your estate. The preservation of that estate as well as the welfare and security of your heirs are dependent to a large extent on the ability of your executors and trustees. Our Estate Officers will gladly consult with you regarding *your* Will and the carrying out of your wishes.

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LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share on the Class "A" shares, and a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share on the Class "B" shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending February 28th, 1945, payable on the 1st day of March, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 6th day of February, 1945. The transfer books will not be closed. Payment will be made in Canadian Funds.

By order of the Board.

R. G. MEECH,
Secretary.

Toronto, January 18th, 1945.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HIRAM WALKER-GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED

DIVIDEND NO. 106

A quarterly dividend of 25¢ a share has been declared on the outstanding no par value Cumulative Dividend Redeemable Preference Stock of this Company, payable Thursday, March 15, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on Friday, February 16.

DIVIDEND NO. 107

A dividend of $1.00 a share has been declared on the outstanding no par value Common Stock of this Company payable Thursday, March 15, 1945, to shareholders of record at the close of business on Friday, February 16.

By Order of the Board,

FLETCHER RUARK,
Secretary.

Walkerville, Canada
January 11, 1945

LEITCH GOLD MINES LIMITED

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 26

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a quarterly dividend of two cents per share has been declared by the Directors of the Company, payable in Canadian funds, on February 15, 1945, to shareholders of record at close of business January 31, 1945.

By Order of the Board.

W. W. McBRIEN,
Secretary-Treasurer.

January 17, 1945.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Cover Provided by Hospitalization Plans and by Insurance Contracts

By GEORGE GILBERT

What are known as non-profit hospital service corporations, particularly those operating the Blue Cross Plan sponsored by the American Hospital Association, have made rapid progress in recent years and have grown to large proportions. Owing to the lack of formalities required when becoming a subscriber, and the low rates presently charged, such a scheme naturally makes a strong public appeal.

While it is recognized that all sound plans for making hospital service more readily available should be encouraged, it is also becoming recognized that such corporations should be required to comply with regulations similar to those which apply to mutual insurance organizations.

AMONG the recent developments in the field of medical coverage which are furnishing food for thought by accident and health insurance officials and agents has been the rapid growth of various hospital service plans sponsored by local or provincial hospital associations. In most instances they are affiliated with the well known Blue Cross Plan of the American Hospital Association, and as there are few formalities to be observed in becoming a subscriber such plans make a strong popular appeal.

This Blue Cross plan is operated on a group basis, and to enrol as a subscriber it is necessary to make application as one of a group at the applicant's place of employment. Where the number of employees is from 5 to 10, all are required to become subscribers; where the number is from 11 to 25, 10 must become subscribers; where the number is over 25, forty per cent must become subscribers. It is announced that consideration will also be given to the enrollment of special groups, such as farmers' organizations, professional associations, doctors, dentists, lawyers, nurses, and similarly organized groups whose members do not serve under a common employer.

Under the Ontario Blue Cross Plan the monthly subscription for a single subscriber is 50 cents for standard ward and 75 cents for semi-private ward accommodation. For a subscriber, spouse and all children under 16 years the monthly rate is $1.00 for all for standard ward, and $1.50 for all for semi-private ward.

Benefits Furnished

Following are the benefits available to subscribers and enrolled dependents: 21 days of hospital care in a contract year for the subscriber, 21 days for spouse, and 21 days for each enrolled child under 16 years of age, in addition to which there are what are called Blue Cross "dividends"—that is, 10 additional days of hospital care during the first year and five additional days for each year of continuous participation of subscriber or dependent in the Plan, up to a maximum of 51 days after fifth year.

Included is standard ward or private ward accommodation, according to the type of contract chosen; also meals and dietary service; general nursing service; use of operating room as often as necessary; anaesthesia equipment and material such as nitrous oxide gas, ether, cholorform (services of physician anaesthetist not included); routine clinical pathology service and electrocardiographic films to determine heart trouble and diseases of the arteries.

Also routine bio-chemistry service such as tests for bladder, kidney and liver troubles, venereal diseases, etc.; spinal fluid examinations for meningitis; tests of stomach contents for ulcers, poisons, etc.; blood differentials for bone infections, malnutrition, etc.; basal metabolism tests for goitre and other gland trouble; ordinary drugs and medications; dressings and plaster cast materials; emergency hospital services following an accident. Laboratory services and tests as set out above are provided when necessary to other treatment in hospital, but not solely for diagnostic purposes.

Maternity Cases

As to maternity benefits: After twelve months' participation in the Plan by husband and wife, one-half the hospital charges (up to 12 days) for any conditions arising from pregnancy and childbirth are defrayed, including one-half the charges for delivery room and nursing care of newborn child. Payment of the charges for hospital services is made by the Plan directly to the hospital. Thus the Plan takes care of hospital bills to the extent stated, but not, of course, the bills of physicians or surgeons.

Under the Ontario Blue Cross Plan there is no age limit for adults, no physical examination, no health statement, or no medical questionnaire required, and there is no exclusion as to type of illness or injury requiring hospitalization. The subscriber has the choice of any hospital participating in the Plan, but the subscriber must be in hospital before benefits commence, routine clinic for out-patient service, or X-ray, not being included. The Plan provides hospitalization for injuries and illness occurring at work when not covered under the Workmen's Compensation Act, and for diseases which had their inception prior to becoming a subscriber but not for cases admitted to hospital prior to effective date of contract.

It is now about ten years since such hospitalization service plans first made their appearance on this side of the water in any considerable number. As will have been noted, they are based on the principle of providing hospital service instead of a cash indemnity such as is furnished under an ordinary accident and sickness insurance policy. Owing to lack of ex-

EARL PUTNAM

Home Office Manager for The Dominion Life Assurance Company, Waterloo, Ontario, who has been appointed a member of the Advisory Board of the Manager's Magazine, published by the Life Insurance Sales Research Bureau, Hartford, Conn. Mr. Putnam is the only Canadian who has been appointed to this Board, whose members are prominent life insurance managers in the United States, located in Richmond, Va., Boston, Mass., Salt Lake City, Utah, and Indianapolis, Ind.

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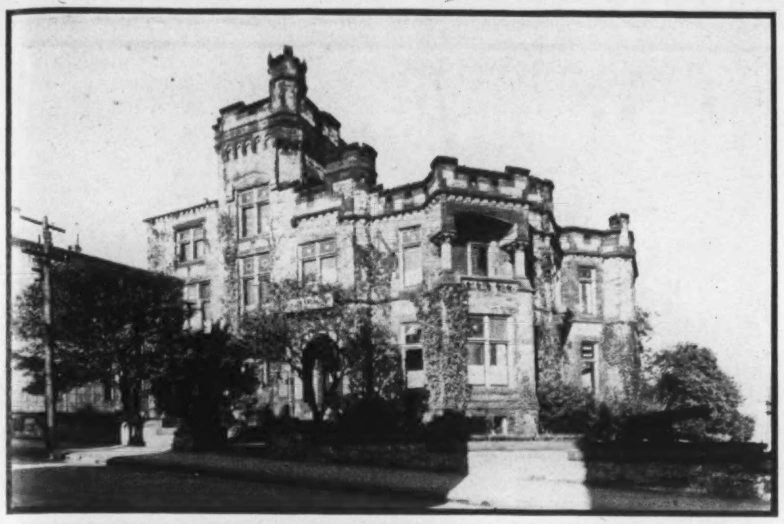

Merchant seamen now have this fine, well-equipped place in which to stay in Saint John, N.B. Formerly a palatial residence, the new Navy League Merchant Seamen's Club at 134 Sydney Street has sleeping quarters for 50 and kitchen and dining facilities for upwards of 100. Large lounge and games rooms and attractively furnished reading and writing rooms make the club a "home away from home" to hundreds of seamen.

perience and knowledge required for such an undertaking, most of these schemes, known as non-profit hospitalization plans, were soon faced with an unfavorable experience and had to make readjustments in rates, coverage and selection of subscribers.

Companies Enter Field

In order to meet the competitive situation created by their advent, insurance companies entered the field in 1938 with policies providing hospital and surgical benefits, and they have also extended the coverage available under group policies. Besides group accident and health insurance, and group accidental death and dismemberment insurance, there is now group hospital expense insurance which provides for the payment of cash benefits to insured employees for the purpose of defraying the expenses of hospitalization of the employee and, if dependent coverage is included, of his dependents.

There is also group surgical operation expense insurance, which is usually issued in conjunction with group hospital expense insurance and which provides reimbursement benefits for insured employees for the purpose of meeting expenses incurred because of a surgical operation performed on the employee or, if dependent coverage is included, on one of his dependents. Dependents are usually defined as meaning the employee's wife and his (or her) unmarried children over three months and under eighteen years of age.

Thus the insurance companies afford comprehensive coverage under individual policies and under group policies not only for hospitalization expenses but also for surgical expenses, as well as coverage against accidents and sicknesses not covered by the Workmen's Compensation Act. The insurance companies must comply with the solvency, license and government deposit requirements of the insurance laws for the protection of policyholders, so that all valid claims under their contracts are readily collectable, in the local courts if necessary.

In view of the spread of hospitalization plans of one kind and another throughout the country, it is important that steps be taken to protect members and subscribers by bringing all such plans, however sponsored, under the supervision of the government insurance departments in the various Provinces in which they operate. They should be required to comply with regulations similar to those with which fraternal benefit societies and other mutual insurance organizations must conform.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

Can you inform me whether the business of the regular fire insurance companies, that is, the regularly licensed Canadian, British, United States and other fire insurance companies, has increased in the last couple of years in the Province of Alberta, where, I understand, the Provincial Government also operates a fire insurance business?

—H.M.L., Halifax, N.S.

No official figures are available as yet for the year 1944, but in 1943, the latest year for which Government figures are available, the net premiums written in Alberta by Dominion registered Canadian, British, United States and other companies regularly licensed to do business in the Province, amounted to $2,930,945, as compared with $2,864,776, showing an increase of $66,169. The 1943 premiums were distributed as follows: Canadian companies, $927,772; British companies, $766,511; United States and other companies, $1,236,-662. The 1942 premiums were thus distributed: Canadian companies $938,761; British companies, $785,-641; United States and other companies, $1,140,374.

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Company Reports

(*Continued from Page 31*)

at $3,816,678, which represented a decline of nearly $300,000 from the figure of $4,108,403 for the previous year. After all deductions, net earnings for the year under review amounted to $828,116 as compared with $949,072 for the year previous. Dividends paid, at the rate of $5 a share, called for distribution of $1,004,345; hence, after deduction of this sum, there was a deficit for the past year of $176,230 which compared with a deficit for the preceding year of $55,273.

The balance sheet shows net working capital as at November 30 last at $7,325,299 which compared with $7,711,883 on the previous year's balance sheet. Current assets were down a little more than $200,000 at $8,647,975 while current liabilities were higher by over $150,000 at at $1,322,676.

•

Guaranty Trust

GUARANTY Trust Co. of Canada reports total assets under administration for the past fiscal year increased by $3,555,620 over previous year. Earnings on increased capital were equal to $10.48 per share, and dividends at rate of $5 per share were paid during the year.

Reserve funds were increased by $180,000 after appropriating $7,948 to establish a staff retirement fund.

•

Confederation Life

DURING the past year the Confederation Life Association materially increased its business in force, its payments to policyholders, and its financial strength, while at the same time reducing its operating costs. Total business in force at the end of 1944 was $571,513,804, as compared with $527,099,462, showing a record increase in business in force of $44,-414,342. Payments to living policyowners were $9,325,216, as compared with $8,297,785 in the previous year, while payments to beneficiaries of deceased policyowners amounted to $4,123,816, as compared with $3,979,-684 in 1943. Surplus funds at the end of 1944 amounted to $12,969,012, as compared with $12,172,985 at the end of the previous year. During 1944 the Association invested $24,311,900 in Victory Bonds, as compared with $11,500,000 in 1943. At December 31, 1944, the total invested in the War bonds of the Allied Nations amounted to $82,317,411. Among the trends noted in the Association's business during 1944 have been a considerable expansion in the sale of group welfare plans, more cash with applications, more sales on annual premium basis of payment, more sales to women, more sales to juveniles under 16 years of age, and more sales of policies with income settlements.

L. W. DODGE

L. W. Dodge, St. Catharines, has been appointed Manager of the Ontario Division of Beaver Lumber Company, Limited. Mr. Dodge has long been connected with the Retail Lumber business, starting in 1913 at Dunnville, Ont. After serving for three years with the D/21 Field Battery in France in the last war, he joined the Beaver organization in 1919, and managed a number of their branches in Western Canada, including his own associate company, Beaver Dodge Limited, at Elkhorn, Man.

In 1938, he transferred to St. Catharines, Ont., where he has been manager of the Beaver yard, until this appointment.

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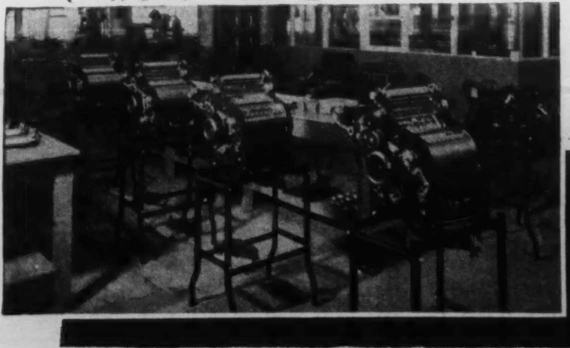

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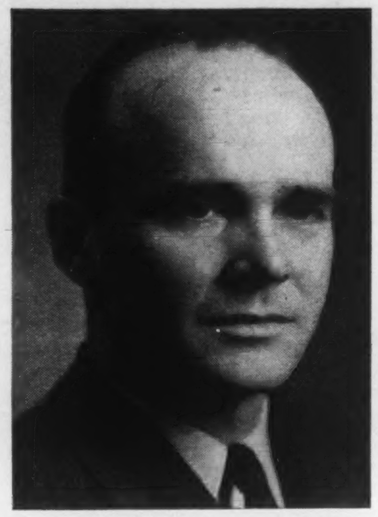

N. J. McKINNON, who has been appointed Superintendent of Ontario Branches at the Head Office of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto. Mr. McKinnon entered the Bank's service at Cobalt in December 1925, and after serving in clerical posts at various branches in Ontario was made Inspector at Head Office in July 1937, Assistant Manager of the Toronto branch about two years later and Chief Inspector, Head Office, in October 1943.

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NEWS OF THE MINES

Proposed New Security Act Will Bring Offenders Into Court

By JOHN M. GRANT

A NEW Securities Act, which contemplates radical changes, has been drafted for consideration at the forthcoming session of the Ontario Legislature. In the meantime a three-day conference will be held in Toronto, January 29, 30 and 31, to discuss the proposed provisions and to which Attorney-General L. E. Blackwell, has invited officials of the various provincial security commissions. Also invited are the chairman of the Securities Exchange Commission of the United States and W. P. J. O'Meara, K.C., Under-Secretary of State for Canada. Security Acts are generally uniform throughout the Dominion and it is considered desirable that all provinces should state their views, considerable interest having been shown last year by representatives of the different governments in the investigation made by the Royal Ontario Mining Commission.

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The proposed new act will, it is understood, contain most of the recommendations made by the Ontario Mining Commission, appointed on October 27, 1943, and which made known its findings in September, 1944. The appointment of a three-man commission, with a registrar, to look after the sale of securities was recommended and this suggestion is said to have been accepted. The proposed new legislation contemplates the retention of the registration of brokers and salesmen and requires registration of persons holding themselves out as advisers to the public in the purchase of securities. If the planned legislation becomes law, the new commission will review all existing registrations and will insist on full disclosure to the public of all material facts on distribution of securities to the public and declarations of interest.

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In the future the question of restitution will be left to the courts; in other words, the intention is to rely on prosecution of those suspected of fraud rather than trying to control security sales altogether by regulation. It is stated that a rigorous system of investigation and prosecution for fraud and offenses both actually committed and in contemplation will be substituted. It is the hope of Attorney-General Blackwell that the new act will provide maximum protection from fraudulent practices and ensure that investment and speculation will receive all reasonable protection so that industrial, mining and other enterprises will receive new capital to promote useful enterprise with a minimum of interference.

•

While little information is available as yet Leta Explorations Limited, controlled by Leitch Gold Mines and Moneta Porcupine Mines, is said to have made an interesting discovery on one of four groups of claims staked in the Indian Lake section of the Yellowknife area. The promising looking shear is located on the Lex group of 15 claims which was staked last fall, along with the Leta group of 20 claims. Grab samples of surface material assayed 0.06 oz., 0.13 oz., 0.56 oz., 0.94 oz. and 1.92 oz. Exploration of the Leta group has exposed two showings, one being a quartz vein having widths from three to eight feet and traced for a length of 25 feet, and it contains some visible gold. In all 63 claims have been staked.

•

Implementing the recommendations of the Royal Ontario Mining Commission, the Ontario government has made its third appointment of a resident geologist to assist sound prospecting activity. John W. McBean, has been named resident government geologist for the Kirkland-Larder Lake area, with headquarters at Swastika. Mr. McBean has had considerable geological field experience since 1935, and in 1940 acted as senior geological assistant to Dr. J. E. Thomson of the Ontario Department of Mines in the Larder Lake area. Mr. McBean was two years with Lake Shore Mines and in 1942 joined the R.C.A.F., aeronautical engineering branch with which he remained until his present appointment.

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Notwithstanding the continuing drop in production, the gold mining industry has been the subject of extraordinary attention during the past 12 months, and as pointed out by the Ontario Department of Mines, there are indications that the coming spring will witness the most concentrated effort on the part of mine developers and prospectors to prepare the ground for such time as the man-power and the supply problems have been solved. Activity in our gold areas, the Ontario Department states, is not limited to any one particular camp but is spread across the whole breadth of the northern pre-Cambrian. Output of Ontario gold mines in the first 11 months of 1944, declined 19.37 per cent from the like period of the previous year.

Although it was necessary for Sylvanite Gold Mines, in the Kirkland Lake camp, to reduce tonnage some months ago from 400 to 350 tons daily, earnings for the 1944 period should more than take care of dividends. Dividends paid were 12 cents a share and it is estimated earnings were around 15 cents a share, which compares with close to 19 cents in 1943 and almost 21 cents in 1942. No recent income has been received by Sylvanite from Delnite Mines, its subsidiary in the Porcupine district, and its other subsidiary in the Gowganda area has been shut down for some time. It is believed the forthcoming annual report will show ore reserves well maintained, despite the fact that nothing outstanding was located in last year's limited development.

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Shares of New Bidlamaque Gold Mines, which holds 15 claims in Bourlamaque township, Quebec, have been listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. The company is capitalized at 3,000,000 shares, of which 2,100,005 have been issued, including 1,100,000 in escrow. Diamond drilling was started some months ago and is continuing, and the treasury is reported sufficiently financed for current work.

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Another listing on the Toronto Stock Exchange this month was that of Eldona Gold Mines, holding a block of 20 claims in Rouyn township, northwestern Quebec. Authorized capitalization is 3,000,000 shares, of which 2,360,005 are issued. A considerable amount of diamond drilling has been carried out on the property, which adjoins Donalda Mines on the east, and this exploratory work is continuing.

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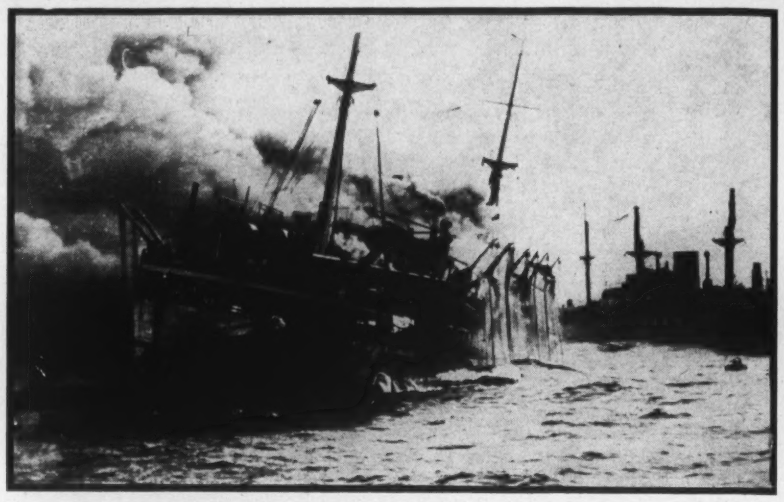
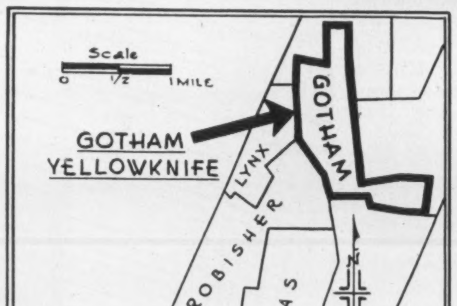
A new company—Humlin Gold Mines—was formed this month to develop a group of claims in Fairlie township, Red Lake area, where a new discovery was reported last fall. A 5,000-foot diamond drilling campaign has been recommended. Back in 1941, Howey Gold Mines did some drilling but more recent exploration has located a vein in the southern part of the property which shows good values in gold and immediate work will be concentrated here. A chip sample across the new discovery is said to have given an average assay of better than $59 over a width of 36 inches.



Large, new U-boat packs are believed to be on the loose, offering continual threat to our merchant shipping. This photo shows the "Highland Star" removing the crew of the "Apapa", when enemy attack set it on fire.

GOTHAM YELLOWKNIFE
MINES LIMITED



CAPITALIZATION

Authorized	3,000,000 shares N.P.V.	
Issued	1,050,000	
	of which 960,000 are pooled	

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

J. L. GILBERT, President
G. S. STEWART, Vice-Pres.
O. B. MILLMAN, Secretary-Treasurer
G. E. BUCHANAN, Director
W. J. WILSON, Director
CARL R. CARLSON, B.Sc., Consulting Engineer

The Yellowknife Gold Area

No area or district in Canada made more exciting mine exploration news or enjoyed greater staking activity throughout 1944 than did this now extremely promising gold area which was high-lighted by the important success of Giant Yellowknife's diamond drilling campaign.

The extreme importance of Giant's drilling was rapidly reflected in the advance in the price of its shares from less than a dollar to a high over $11.00. Bear's stock increased from pennies to over $2.75. Frobisher sold as high as $8.25.

GOTHAM
Stragetically Located

The property consists of 10 claims immediately adjoining, to the north, the holdings of Frobisher Exploration, which in turn are the adjoining properties to the north of Giant Yellowknife. Giant's ore has been found in shear zones which, according to their own sketches, have a north-east trend. On the east, the Duck Creek structure passes through the property. Surface assays of $12.00 over an approximate width of a foot have been obtained. A crew of men under the capable direction of Carl Carlson, B.Sc., are now at work on the property.

Public Offering 200,000 Shares at 40 cts. per share

Buy through your own Broker

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